

HIT COMICS

NOVEMBER
No. 43



STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

DOES
Kid ETERNITY
outwit
THE MODERN
BLUEBEARD?





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF
**COMMANDO
-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the

WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!



JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.**

FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in **BOOK FORM**
ONLY 25c EACH
or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.



FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose (). Include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS**.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 courses for.....\$1 | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding Mighty Legs.25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Arm 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Grip 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Back 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Chest 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. | |

NAME.....
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS.....

HIT COMICS

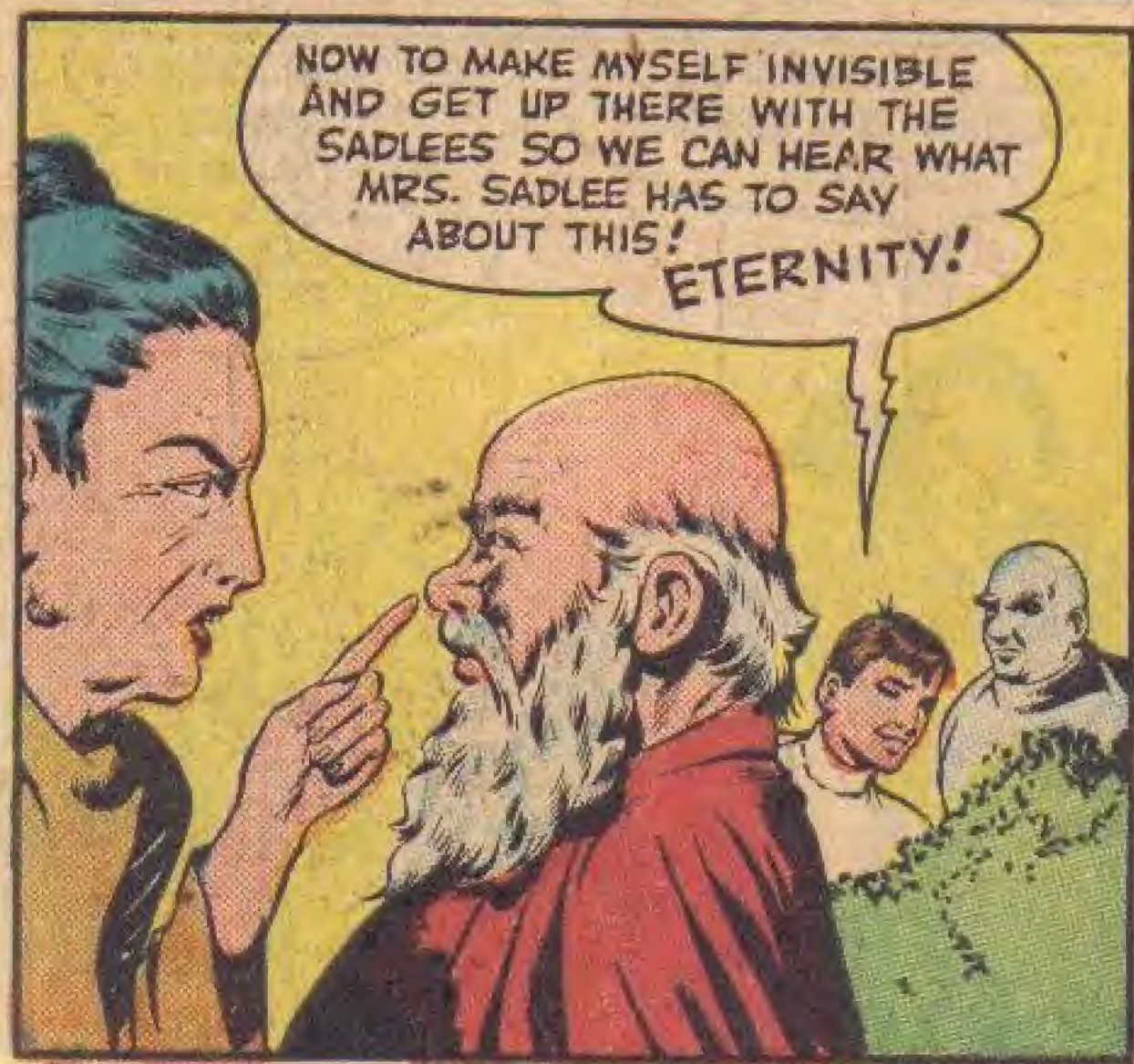
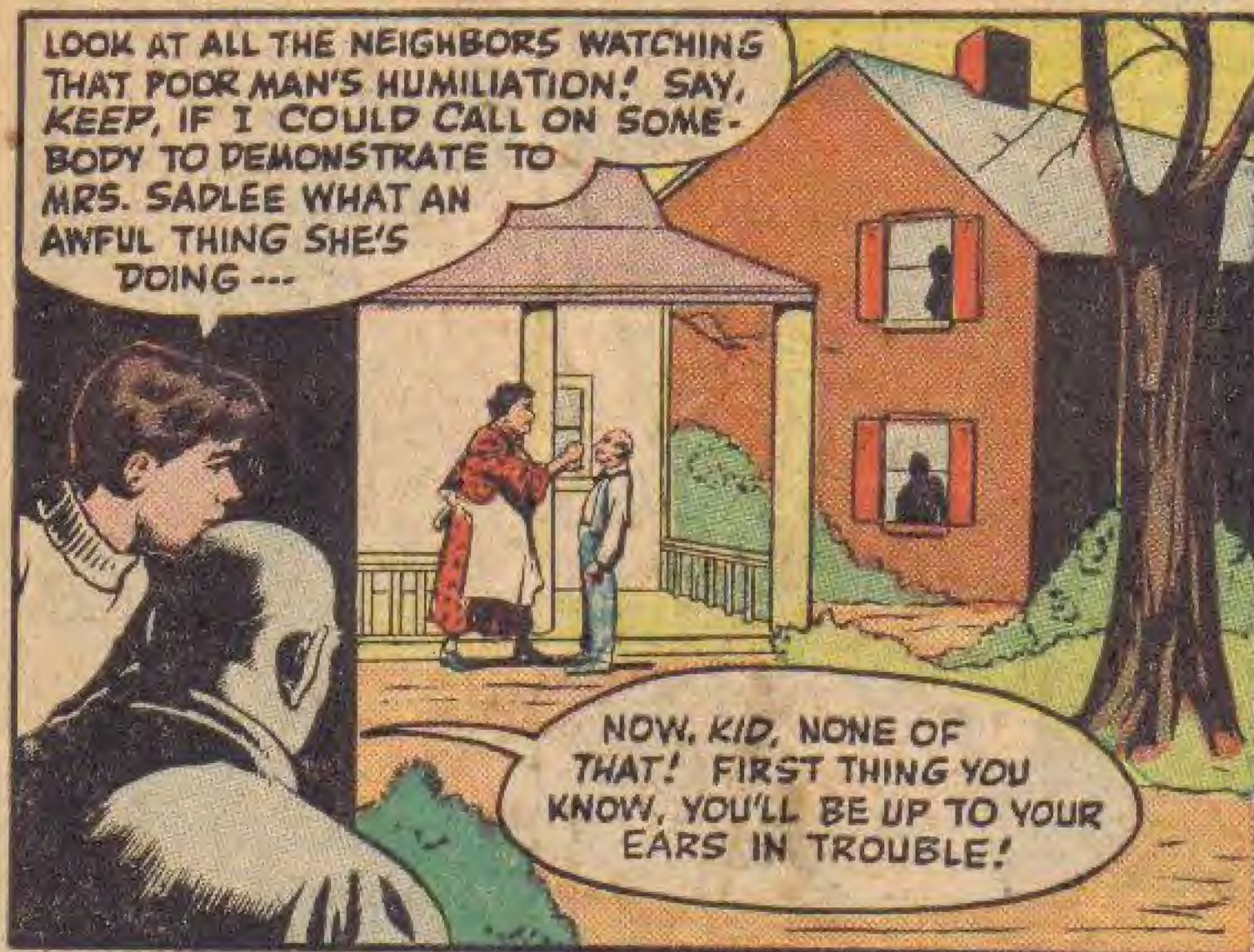
Snatched from this world before his time, *Kid Eternity* has been given immortal powers! He can become visible or invisible at will... he can summon the great figures of the past... simply by saying the word "ETERNITY"!

KID ETERNITY

Thus the youngster has been able to vanquish villains galore! How strange, then, that a meek and mild mannered little fellow named *MR. SADLEE* is able to stump *Kid Eternity* and try the patience of his guardian and controller of his powers, *MR. KEEPER*!







WHO ARE THESE AWFUL PEOPLE? WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

BY JOVE... I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! THEY LOOK LIKE SOCRATES AND HIS WIFE, XANTHIPPE!



NEVER HEARD OF THEM... BUT THAT WOMAN'S GOT HER NERVE, ABUSING THE POOR MAN THAT WAY! HE HASN'T SAID A WORD!

HEAR THAT MR. KEEPER? MRS. SADLEE'S BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA! NOW, TO SHOW HER A COMPLETE CONTRAST, I'LL BRING HER A COUPLE WHO WERE VERY DEVOTED TO EACH OTHER!

ETERNITY!



PENELOPE, THE LOVING WIFE OF ULYSSES, THE WANDERER!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



ULYSSES, MY BELOVED... I'VE WAITED FOR YOU THESE MANY YEARS!

DEAR PENELOPE!



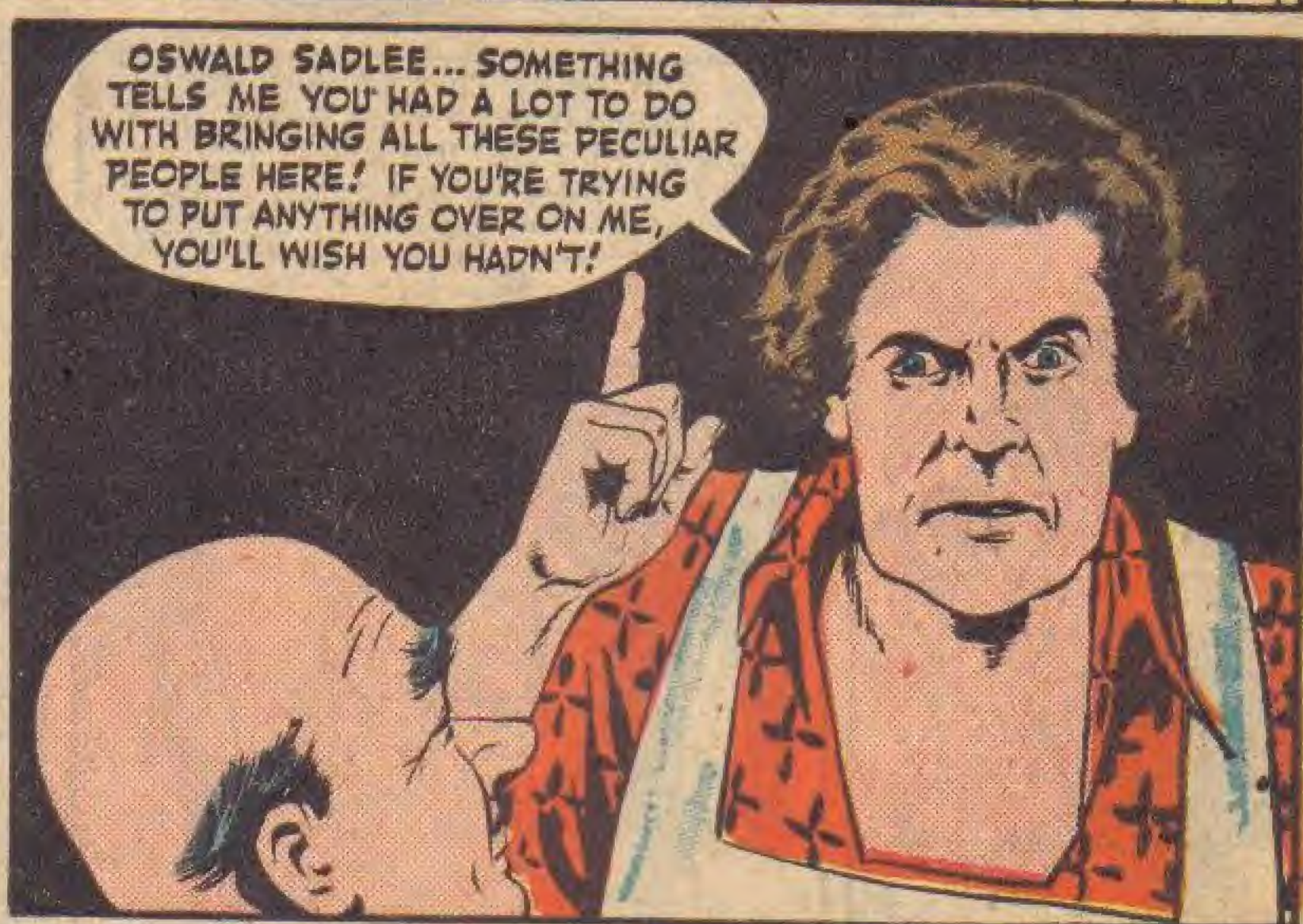
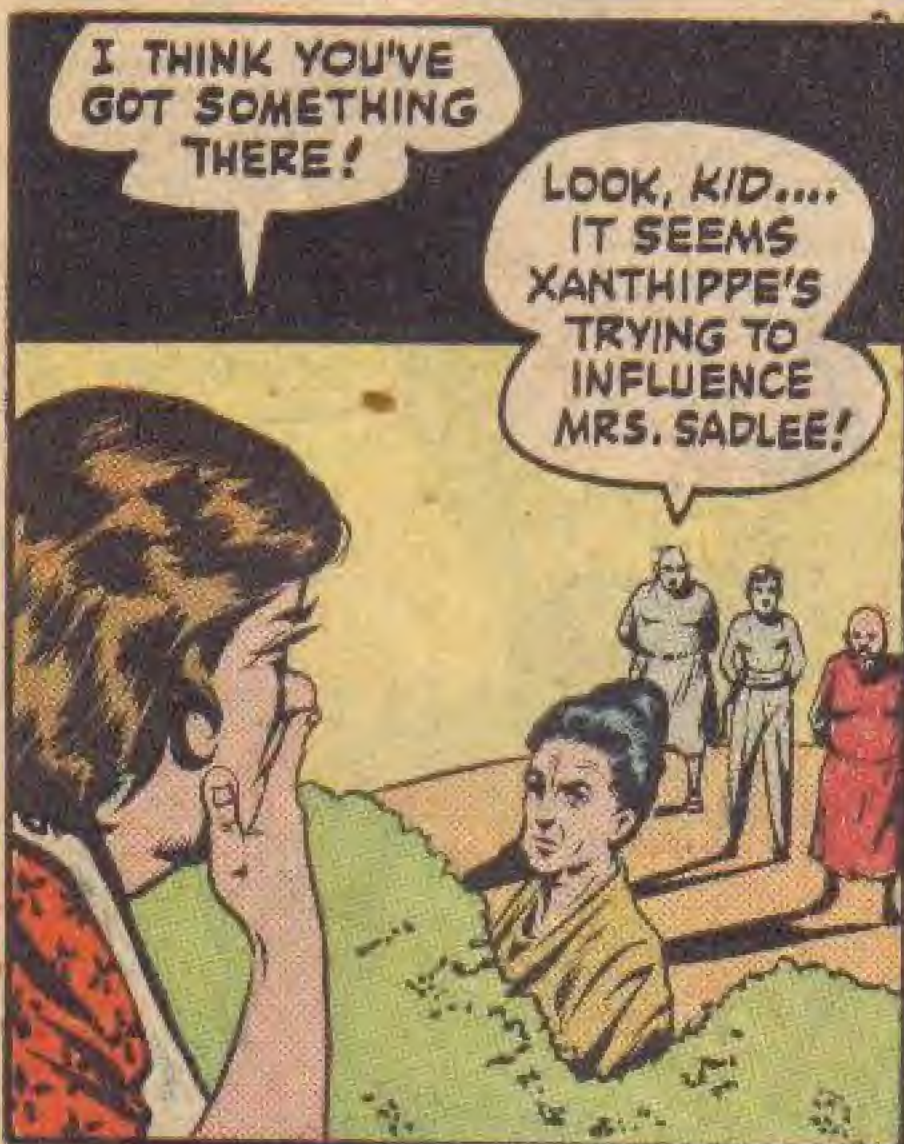
THAT'S ULYSSES AND HIS WIFE PENELOPE! SHE WAITED FOR HIM ALL THE YEARS THAT HE WANDERED OVER THE EARTH! AH... IF OUR LIVES COULD ONLY BE LIKE THEIRS!



WELL... PERHAPS IT CAN, OSWALD... PERHAPS IT CAN!

SEE THAT, KEEP? IT WORKED! MRS. SADLEE'S IMPRESSED AND SHE'S GOING TO REFORM!







MAYBE... BUT IT'D HAVE TO BE SOMEBODY AWFULLY TOUGH TO BOTHER MRS. SADLEE!



BLUE-BEARD!



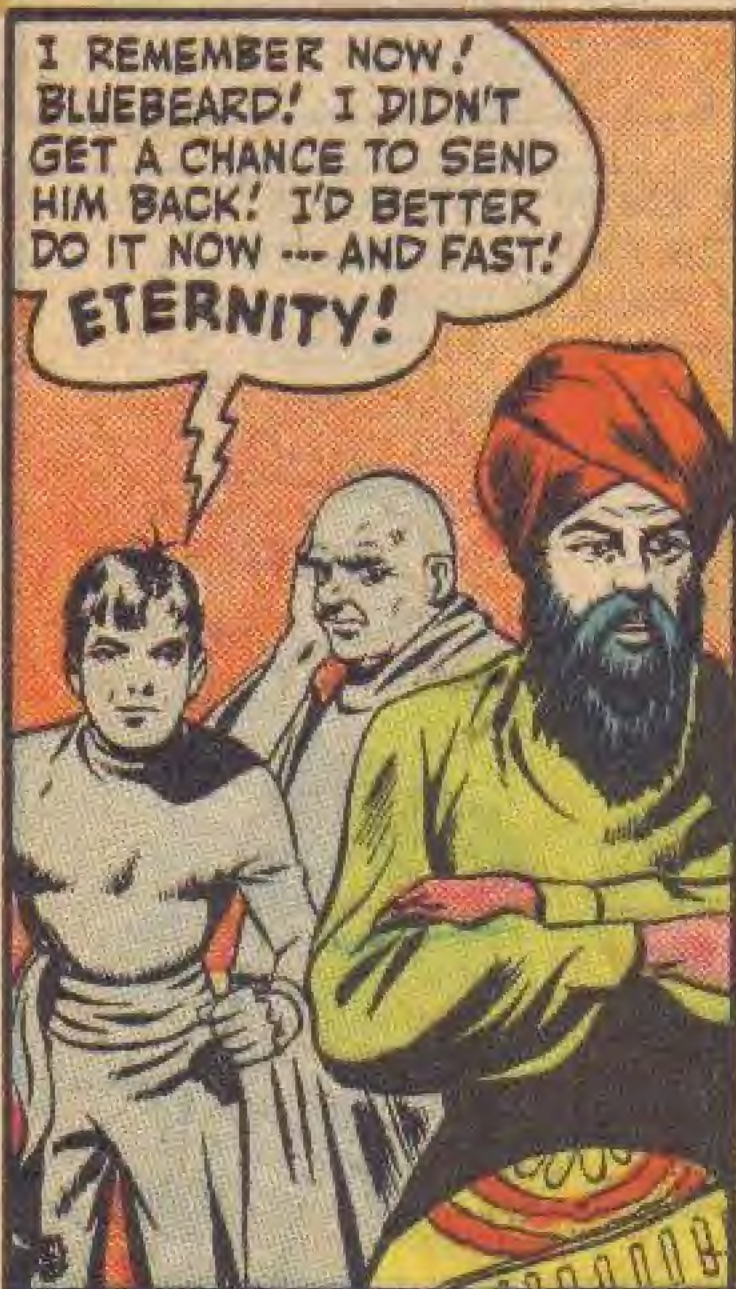
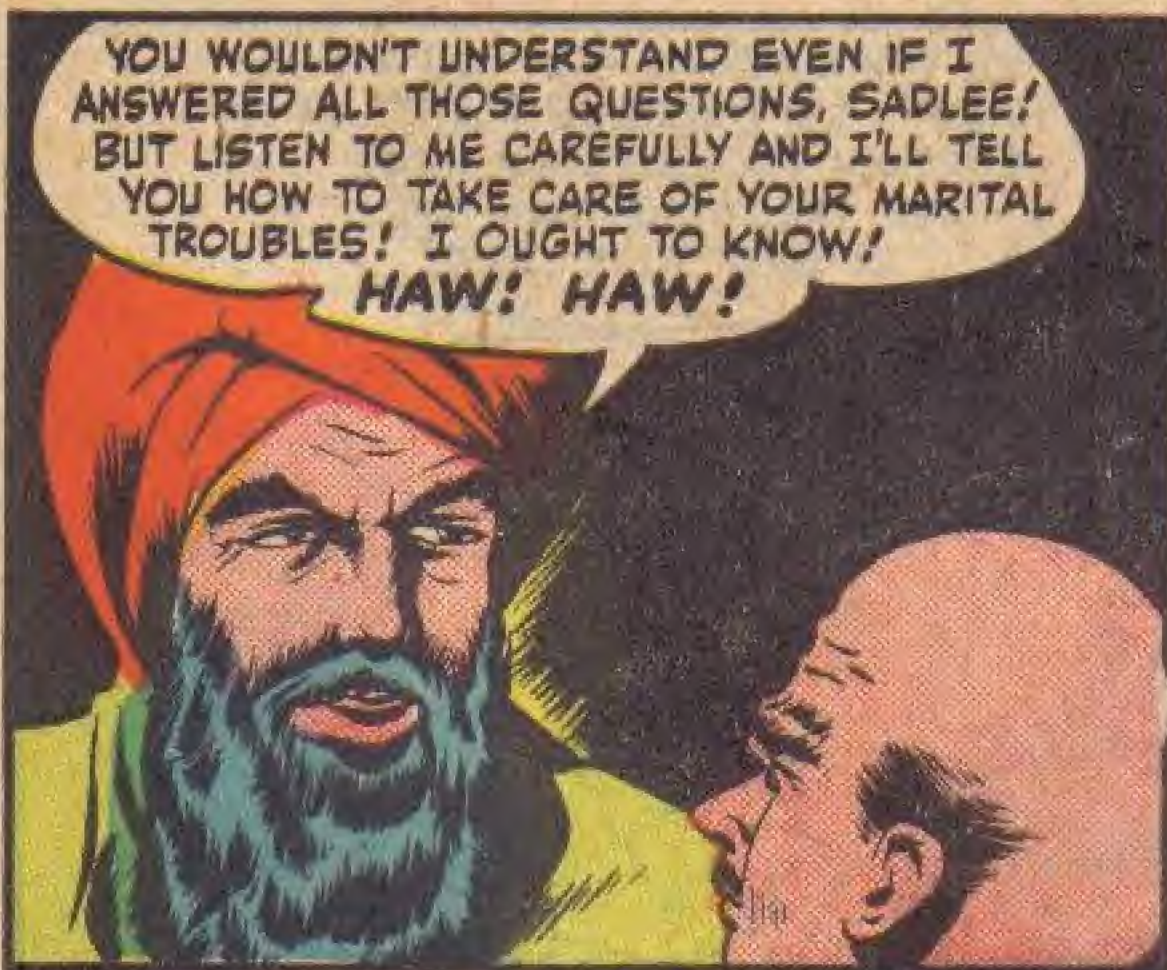
I THOUGHT THE SIGHT OF YOU MIGHT FRIGHTEN MRS. SADLEE INTO BETTER BEHAVIOR!

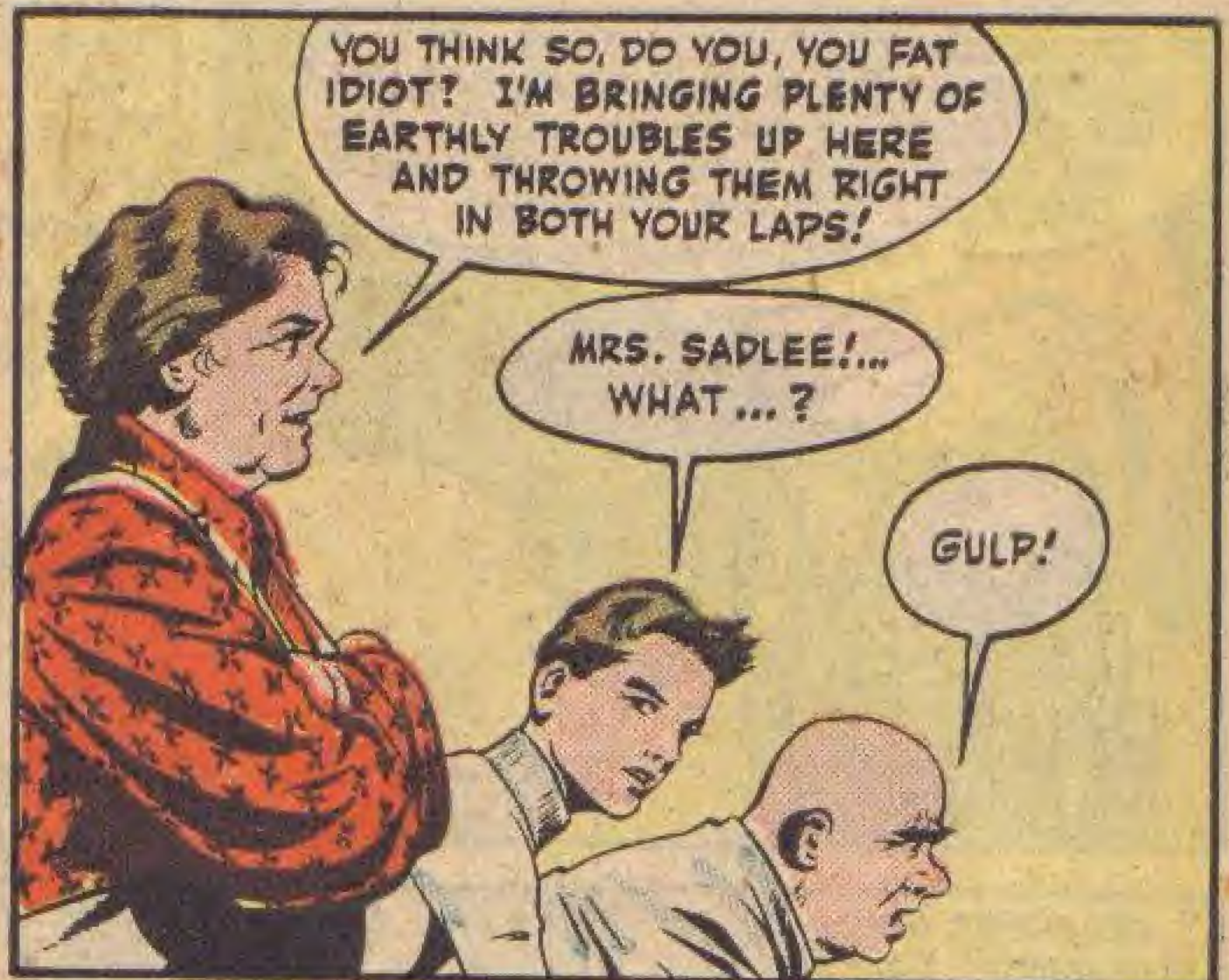


WHY... SHE'S GONE!



OUT OF MY WAY, KID ETERNITY! YOU DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO GET OFF THE EARTH WITHOUT HAVING SOME FUN FIRST!





AND WHAT'S MORE ..., UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE, OSWALD'LL PROBABLY GET AWAY WITH IT!

GET AWAY WITH IT? I SHOULD SAY NOT! NOBODY CAN GET AWAY WITH MURDER!



COME ON, KEEP! WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN TO THE EARTH AND SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE!

OH, KID, IT'LL ONLY MEAN A LOT MORE TROUBLE... AND BESIDES, MRS. SADLEE DESERVED IT IN A WAY! SHE **DROVE** SADLEE TO MURDER, DIDN'T SHE?



WHY, YOU OVERSTUFFED SAUSAGE HEAD ... I'LL TEACH YOU TO TALK THAT WAY ABOUT ME!

READY TO LEAVE HERE NOW, KEEP?



I'LL SAY I AM! THE SOONER THE BETTER! I DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH THAT WOMAN!

ETERNITY!



WHRRANN!

Once again Kid Eternity materializes on the small town street... and Mr. Keeper is with him....

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!



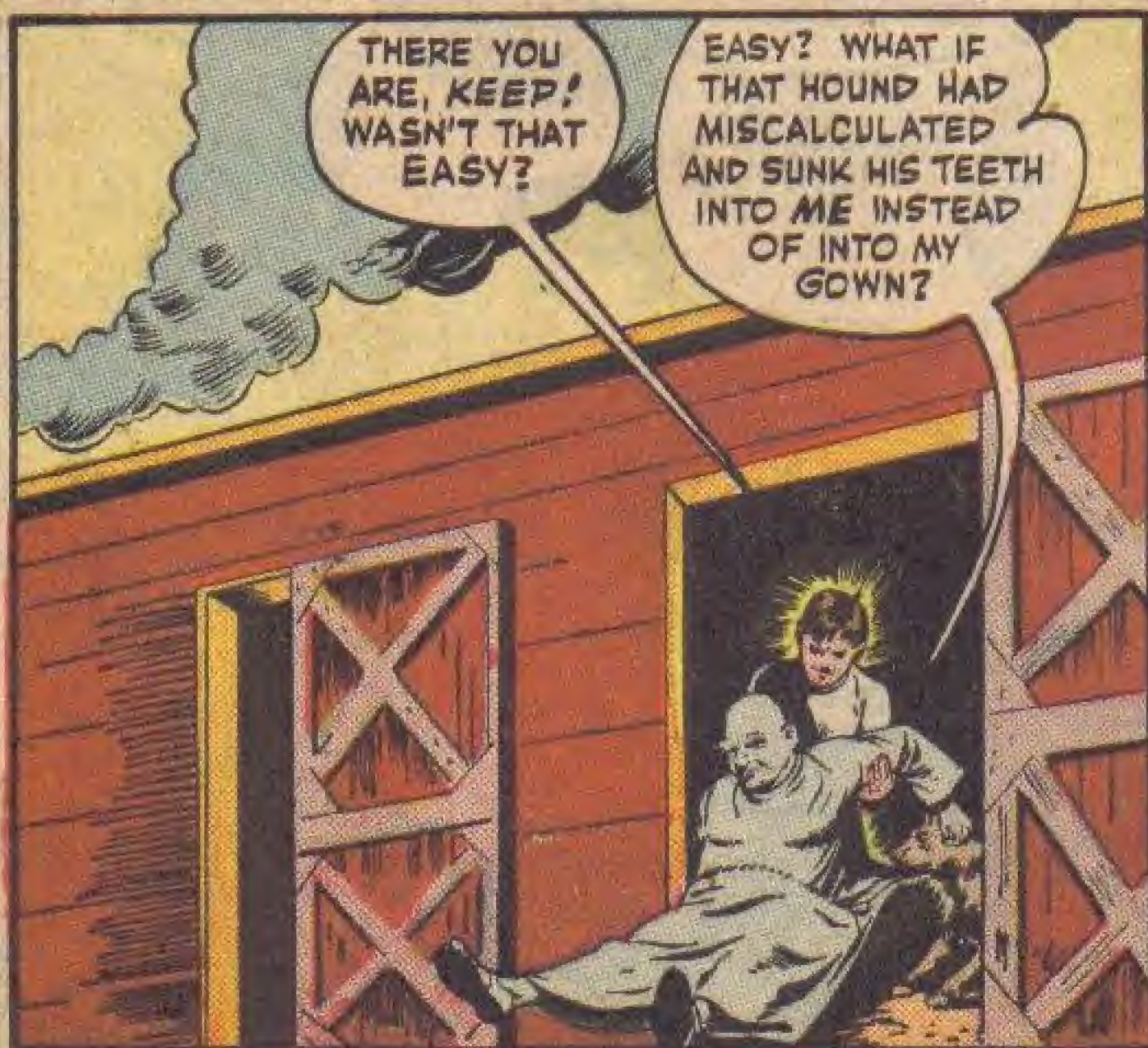
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL ABOUT THE SADLEES? OSWALD TOLD ME LAST NIGHT THAT HE AND DORA WERE LEAVING EARLY THIS MORNING FOR THE COUNTRY WHERE THEY'RE GOING TO START A NEW LIFE TOGETHER!

AND WHEN YOU THINK OF THE WAY SHE USED TO HENPECK HIM... SHE CERTAINLY MUST HAVE CHANGED!





HIT COMICS

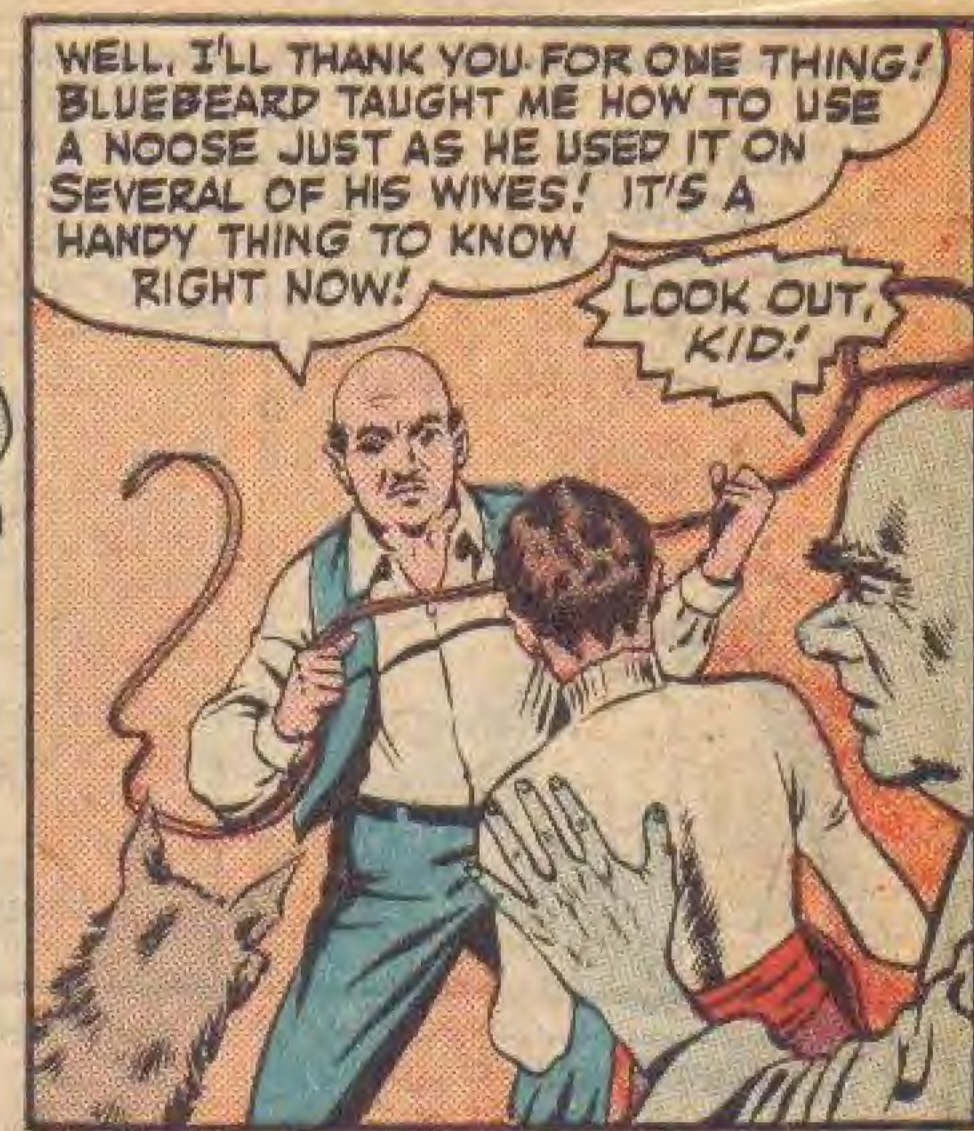
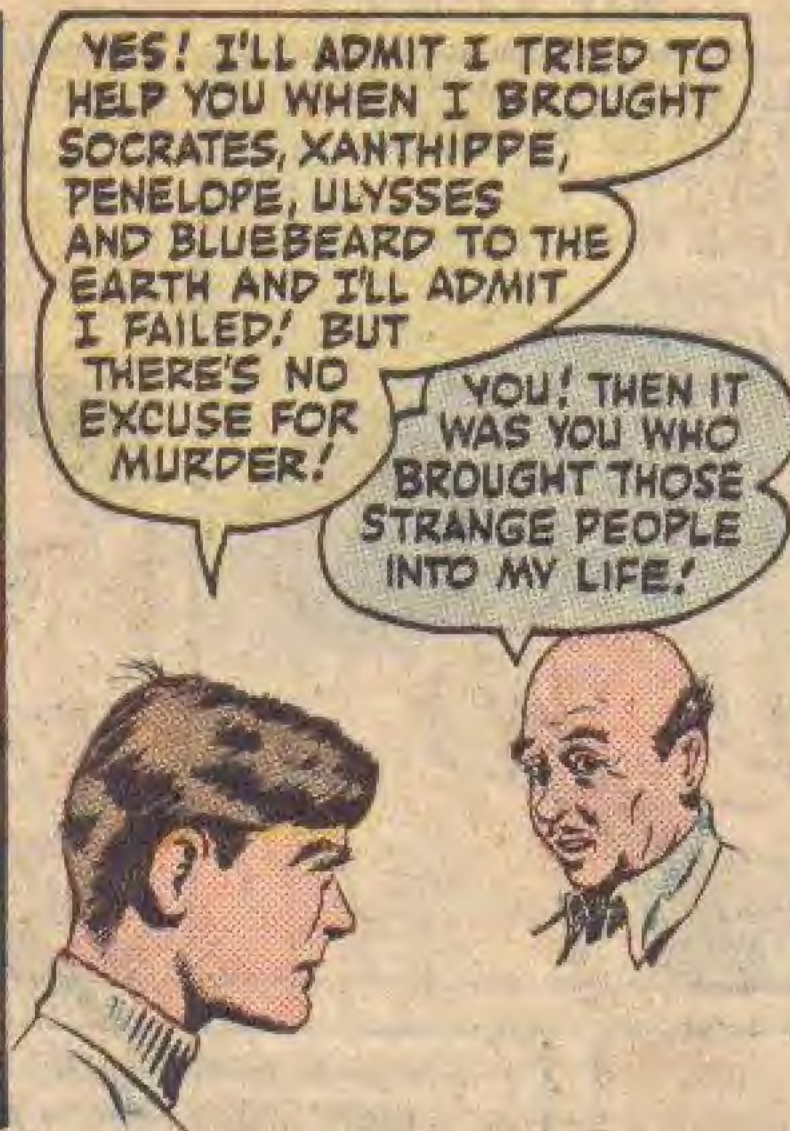
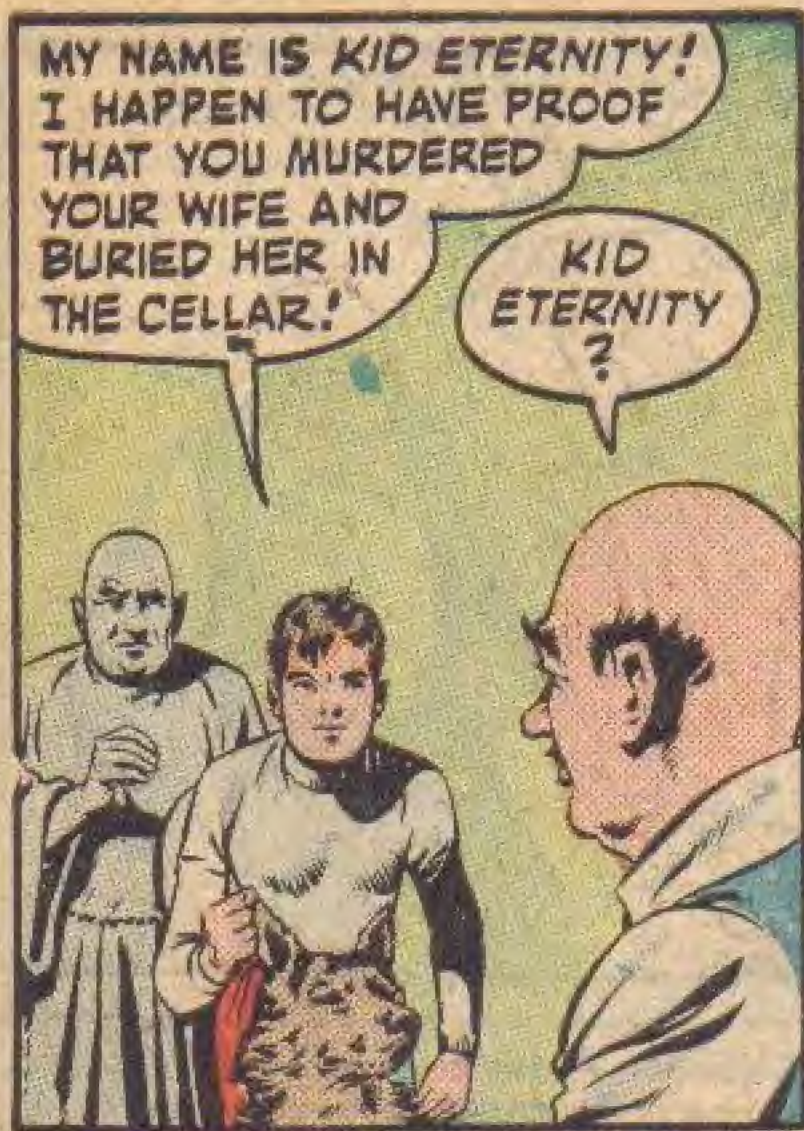


HE SURE DESERVED THE NAME OF WONDER DOG!... LOOK AT HIM PICKING OUT SADLEE'S TRAIL ON A CONGESTED STREET WHERE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE MUST HAVE PASSED SINCE!

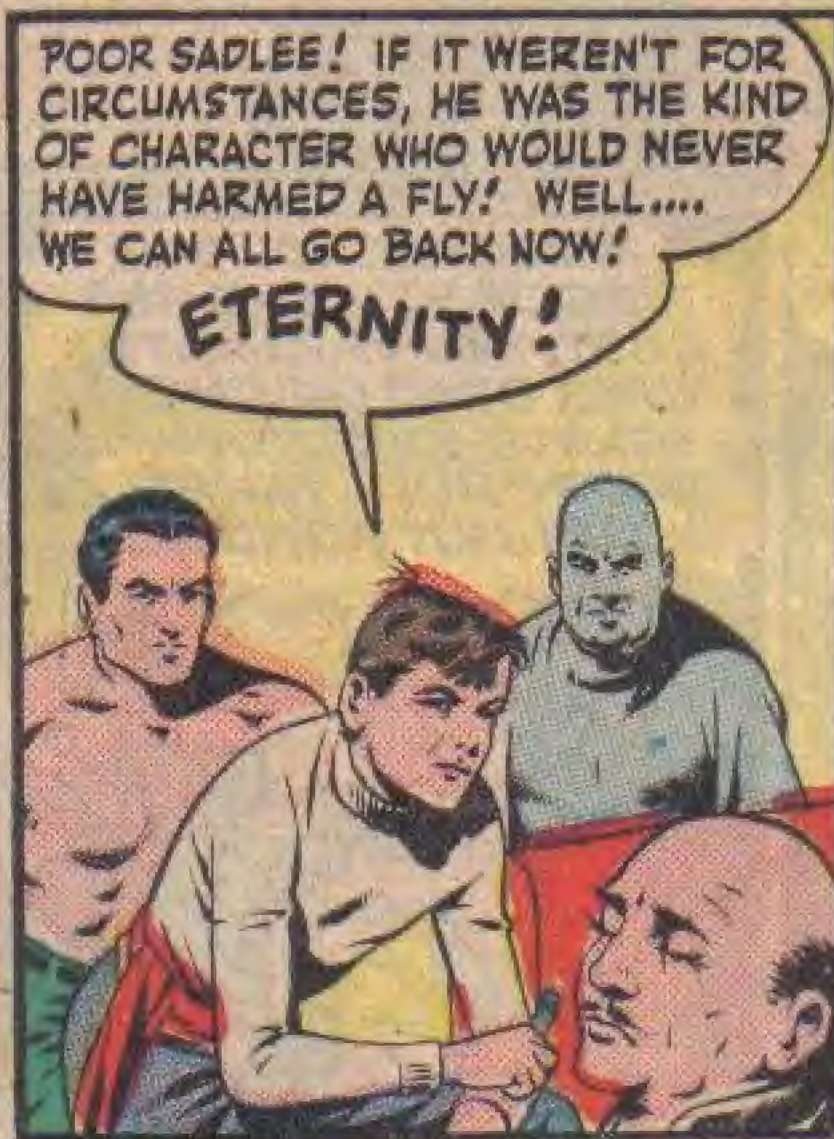
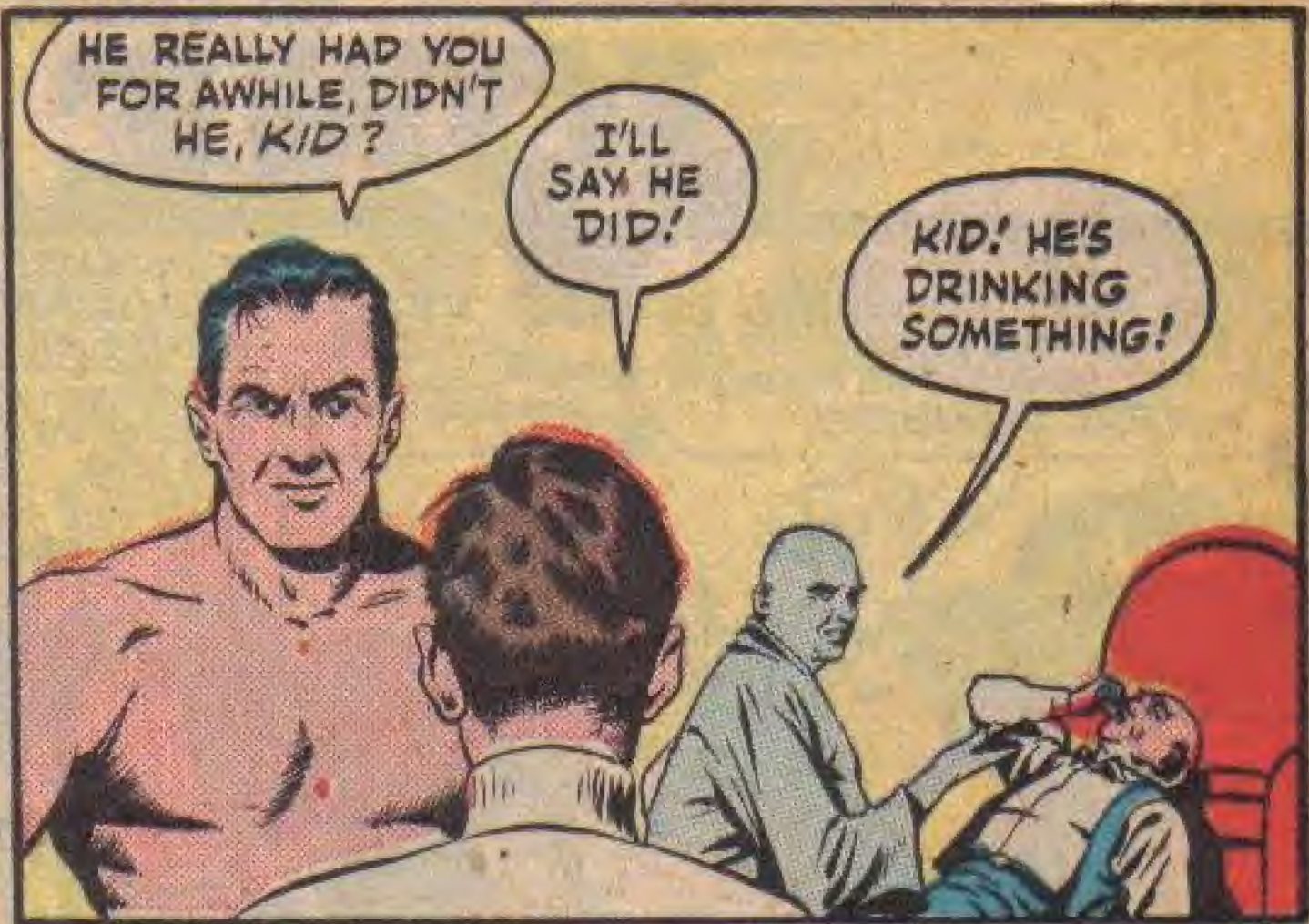
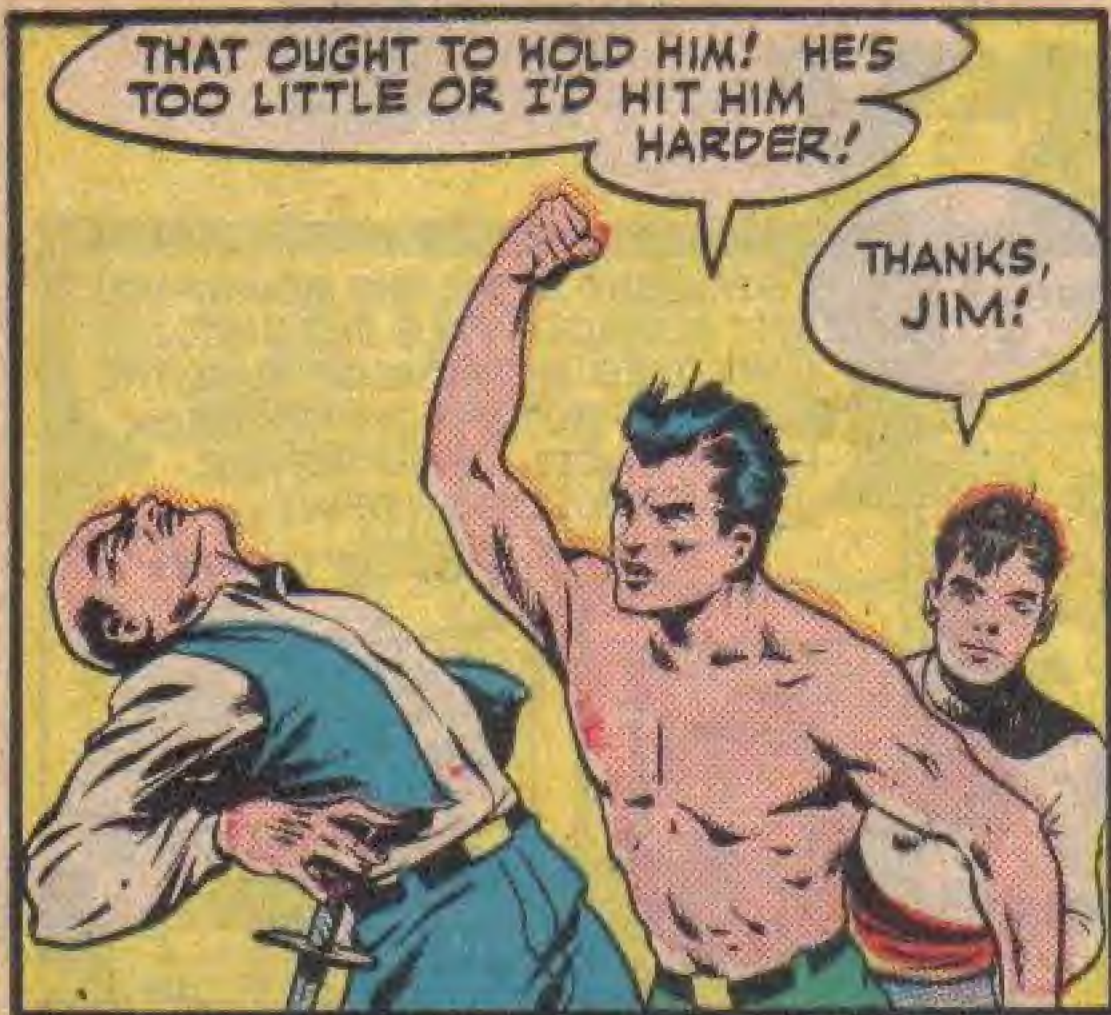


OH.... AN UNFRIENDLY ANIMAL! IN THAT CASE, YOU CAN GET ON YOUR WAY!









JONES'Y

KITTY'S KID NEPHEW IS CRAZY-ABOUT COWBOYS! SO, JUST FOR FUN, SHE ASKED ME TO CALL UP AND PRETEND I'M A REAL COWBOY!



THAT YOU, BERTRAM?... THIS IS DEAD GULCH DAN-- CALLING ---YIPEEEEEEE!



STRAIGHT FROM THE ROUND-UP... GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIE!... GRIZZLIES ATTACKED NEAR THE BARB--BUT WE FIT 'EM BACK HARD, PARD... AND NEVER LOST A LONGHORN!...

EEEEYOW!



JUST A MINUTE!... MY PARDNER, SIXTY-SIX GUN ALKALI BILL, WANTS TO TALK TO ME!... WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, PARDNER?... SIX THOUSAND APACHES ON THE WARPATH? GOT US SURROUNDED? GOOD! I'M JUST A-THIRSTIN' FOR ACTION!



TAKE THAT, YOU RED RASCALS! -- BITE THE DUST, YOU VARMINTS! WHEN DEAD GULCH DAN STARTS SHOOTIN'-- SITTIN' BULL TAKES A RUN-OUT POWDER!



ON THAT PAY TELEPHONE, OFFICER! A CRAZY MAN WITH A PISTOL!



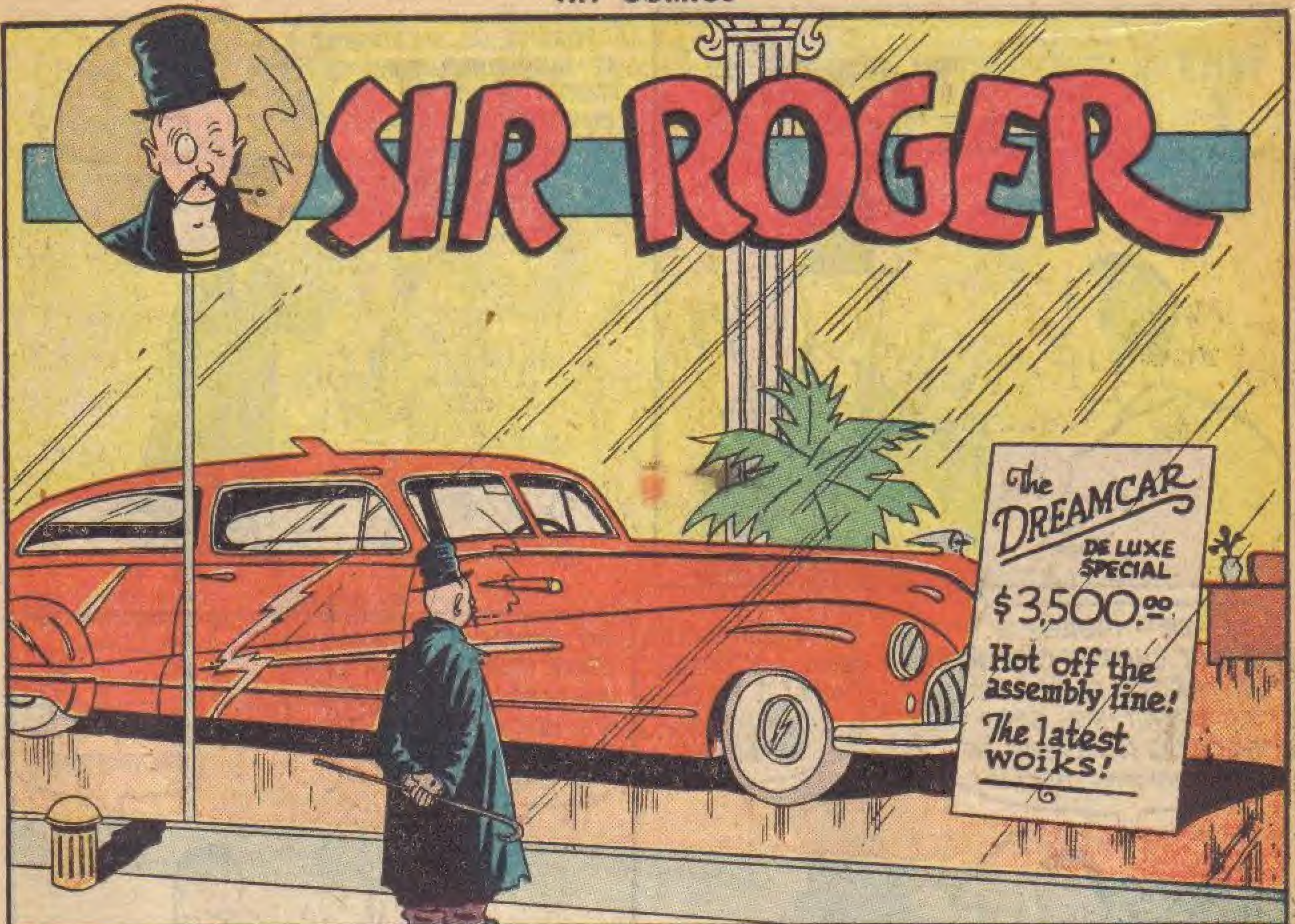
PARDON THE INTERRUPTION, BERTRAM, BUT THESE PESKY SAVAGES HAVE GOT US OUT-NUMBERED 3,000 TO ONE-- AN' HERE THEY COME!



BUT -- LISTEN, OFFICER...

CALM DOWN, NOW, BUFFALO BILL!... HEAP BIG POW-WOW UP AT STATION HOUSE! BIG CHIEF LIKE SMOKUM PEACE-PIPE WITH FIRE-EATING PALE-FACE!





SIR ROGER, the master of aliases! In the pinball circuit, he is known as *The TILTER*! As **PHIL PHILANTHROPIST**, he was knighted by the Potsdania king, until the Potsdania government found its mint as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard! He is listed as **MR. WALL STREET** in the F.B.I. photogenic files! The F.B.I. confirms this: "Mr. Wall Street lost a fortune in the '29 crash -- when the armored car in which he was driving blew a flat, ran out of gas and ammo!" As **ENGINEER**, his career was short lived in the land of *Klowndike*. It was reported that he left in a jet propulsion fashion when the people discovered the rich vein gold mine he sold them had varicose veins instead!

M' BOY, YOUR **DREAMCAR** IS NO WEED DREAM! HEAR THIS -- A TWENTY-THREE SKIDOO CYLINDER, MULTIPLE CARBURATION, TRIPLE-THREAT IGNITION, GOLD PLATED INTERIOR FIXTURES, AIR CONDITIONING INSIDE AN' OUT, HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER, ERMINE UPHOLSTERY, CHINCHILLA-TRIMMED WITH THE NEW CHAMELEON COLOR TONING, POOL TABLE, RADIO, TELEVISION, AND RADAR EQUIPPED, GYMNASIUM AND BOWLING ALLEY!



SORRY, OL' CHAP! I'M NOT INTERESTED! I HAVE -- LEAVE US SAY-- BEEN DISILLUSIONED!

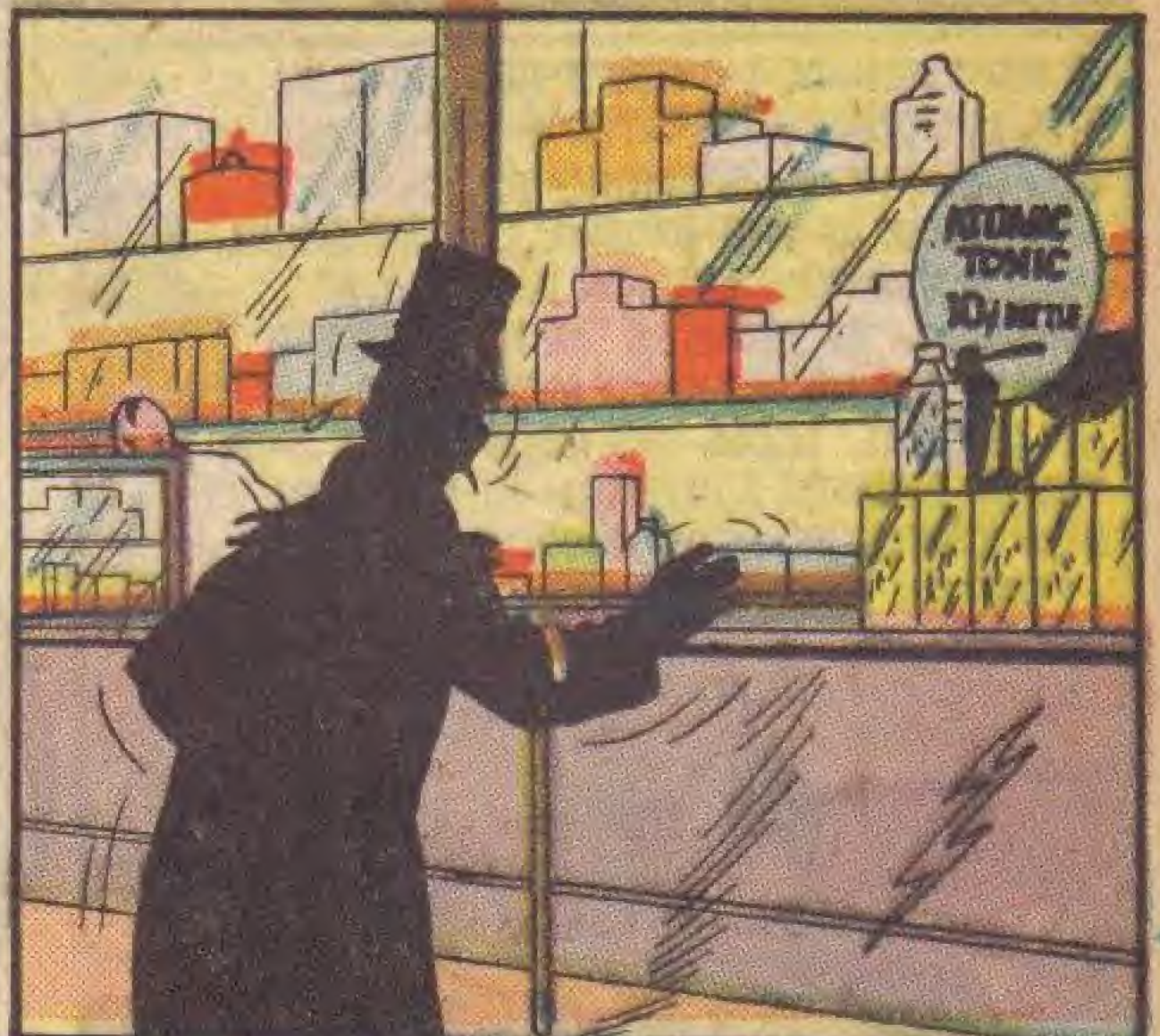
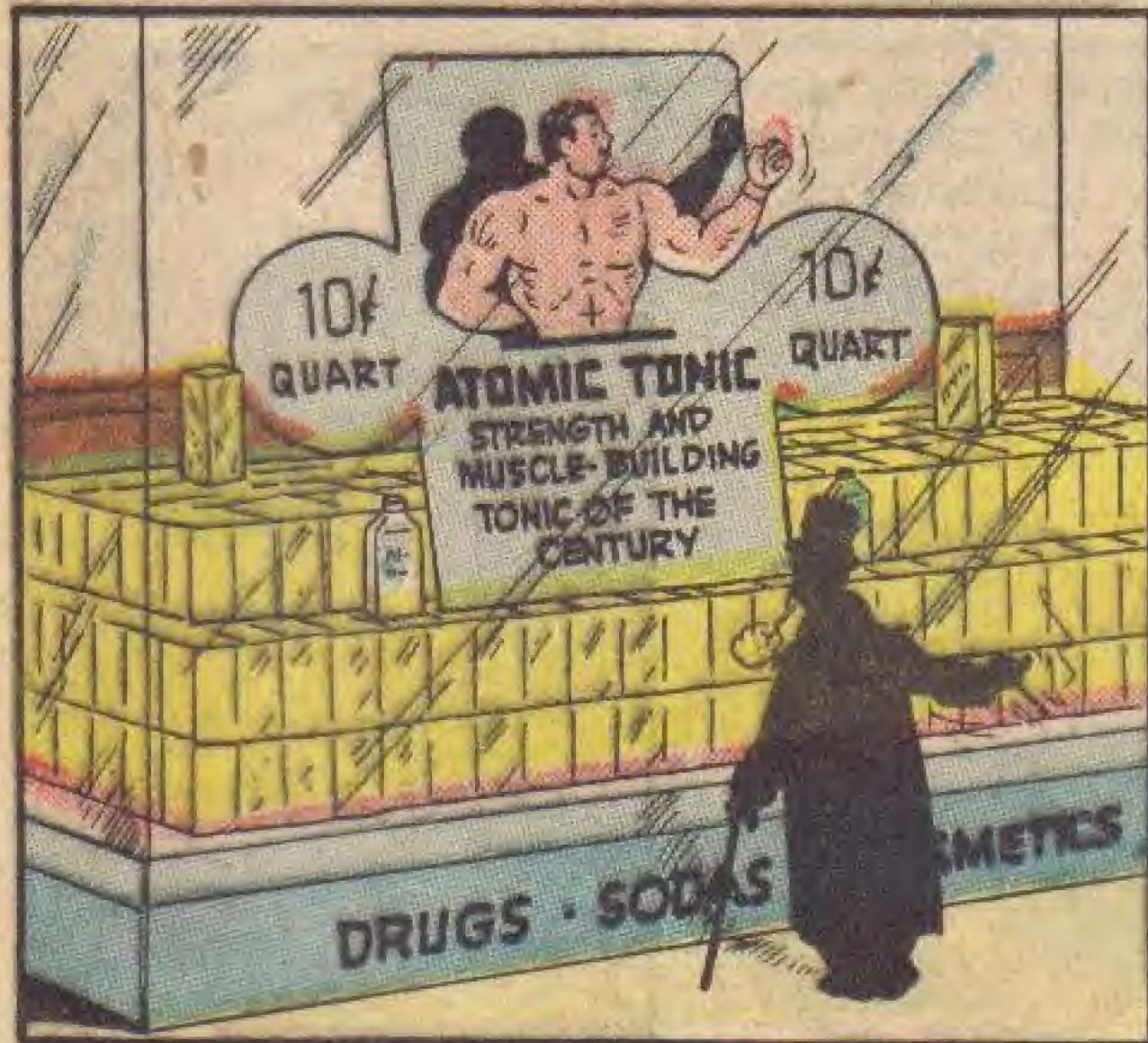
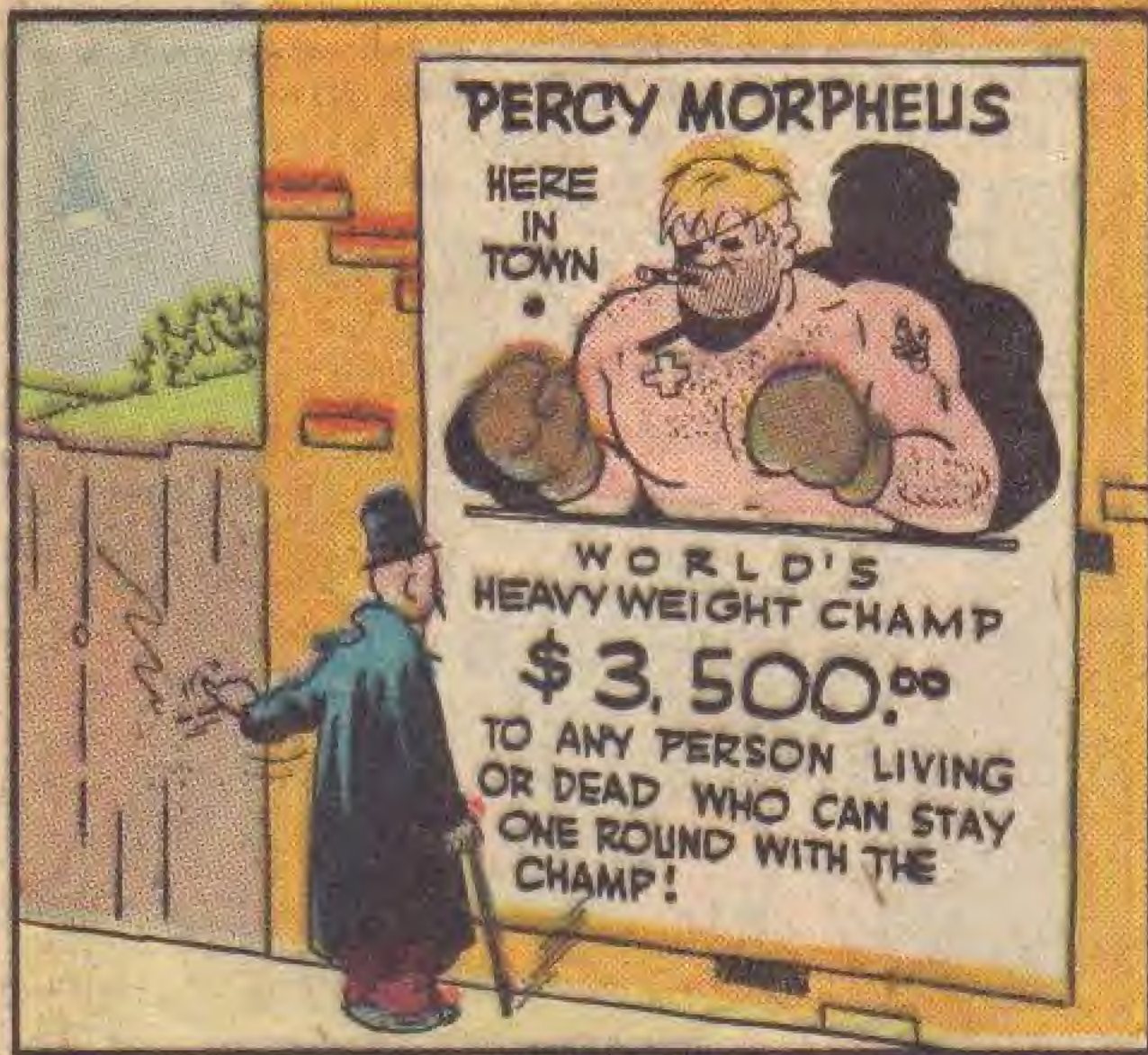
HUH?



ONE MOMENT-- PLEASE!







One second later -- the office of Slick Jerk, manager and promotor for Percy Morpheus...

HO! HO! DIS IS ONE FER CAN YOUSE TOP DIS! HA-HA-HA!

LISTEN, WARPED EARS! I GIVE YOU EXACTLY TEN SECONDS TO CURB THAT NAUSEATING LAUGHTER!



NOW, BIRD BRAIN, LEAVE US DRAW UP THE NECESSARY PAPERS FOR THIS-- PUGILISTIC MATCH!

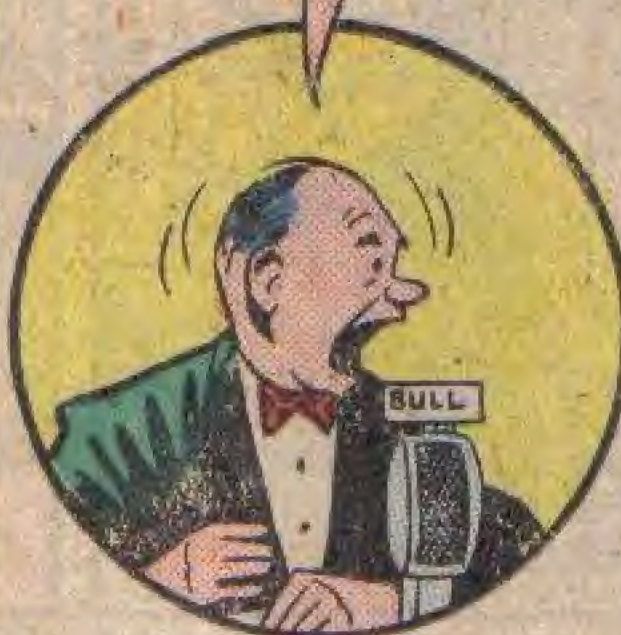
Y-YES!



GOOD EVENING, LADEEES AND GEN'L'MUN! THIS IS YOUR CELEBRATED BOXING ANNOUNCER, FLEM McHARTY, SPEAKING TO YOU FROM RINGSIDE AT THE BRONX CHEER BOWL, WHERE SUMTEEN MILLION FANS HAVE GATHERED TO WITNESS THE HEAVYWEIGHT MATCH BETWEEN PERCY MORPHEUS AND SIR ROGER! LOOK-ING ABOUT ME, I SEE FAMED SPORTS WRITERS -- BILL BOREM, BOB IODINE, RAYMOND BUNION, FEARLESS FOSDICK PARKER --



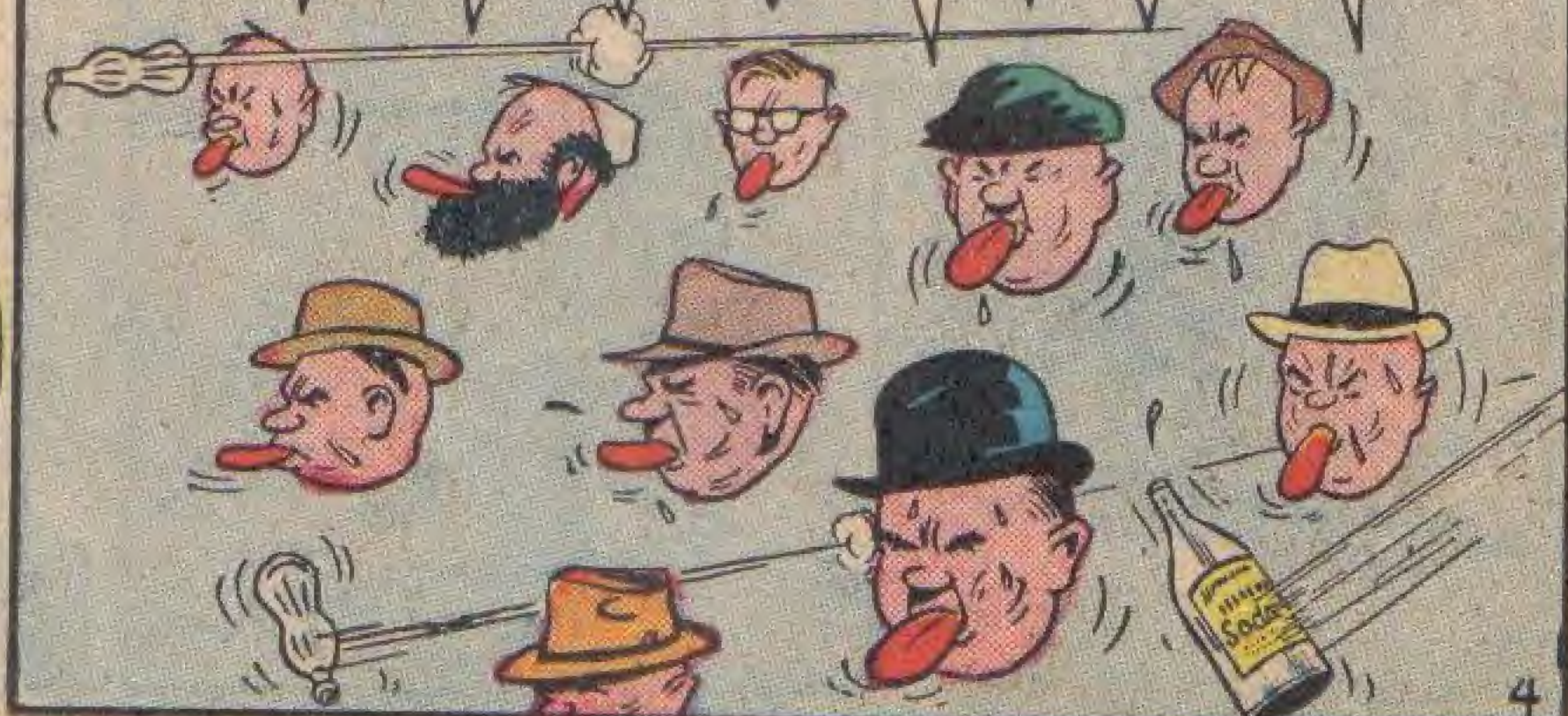
--HERE COMES THE CHAMP, PERCY MORPHEUS! LISTEN TO THAT TUMULTOUS OVATION!



AND HERE COMES THE CHALLENGER --SNEERING SIR ROGER!



BRRAAACK!



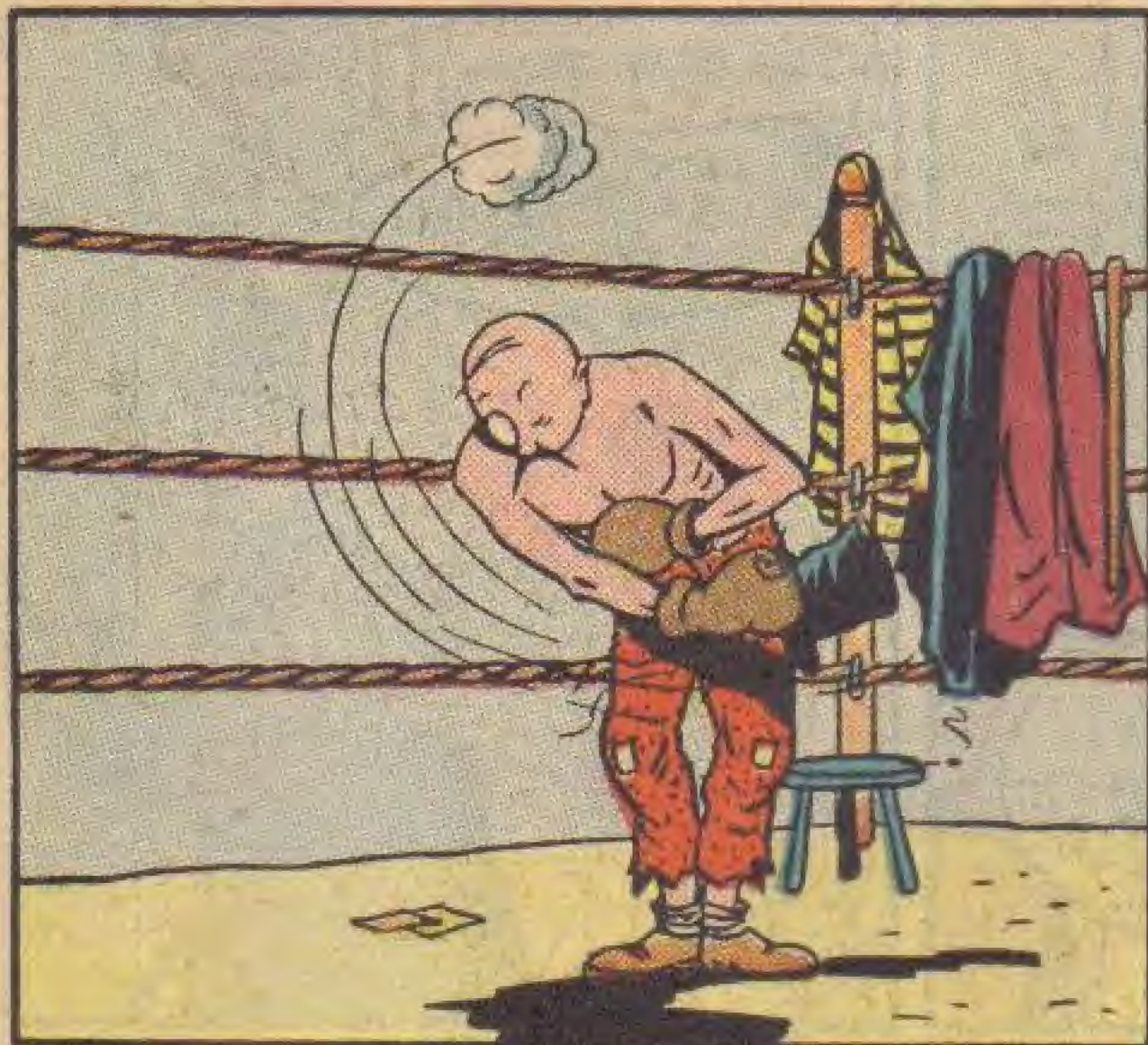
LADEEES AND GEN'L'MUN ---
YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! OUR
MAIN EVENT! WEARING BABY
BLUE TRUNKS, WEIGHING THREE
HUNDRED POUNDS, SIX FEET SIX,
THE FIGHTER WHO HAS COMPILED
AN AMAZING, UNBELIEVABLE
RECORD OF TWO THOUSAND
KAYOS -- THE CHAMP --
PERCY MORPHEUS!



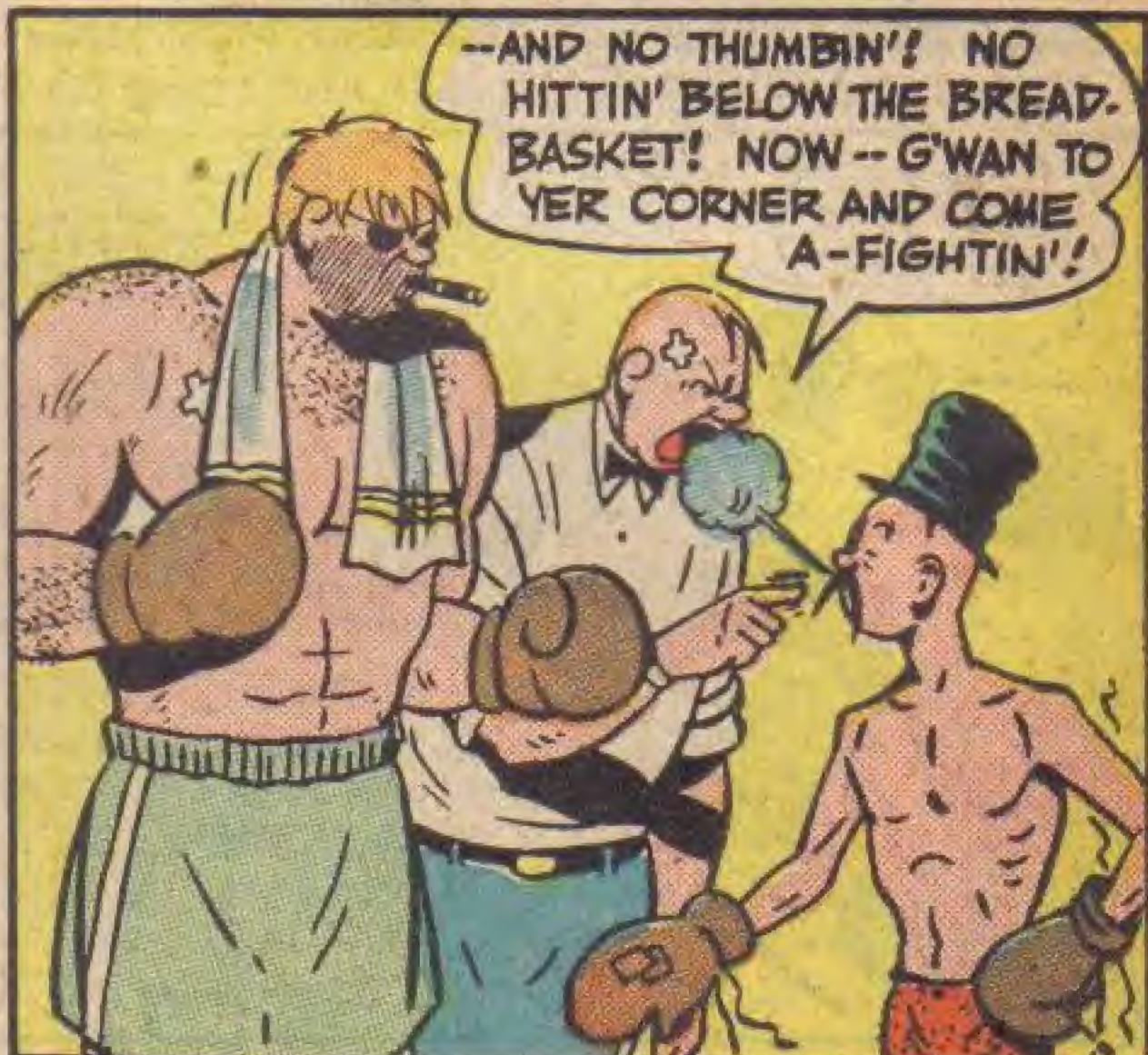
GRUNT!



AND NOW, IN-TRO-DUCING
THAT DASHING, YOUNG, DEBONAIR
PLAYBOY -- WEIGHING ONE
HUNDRED POUNDS, WEARING
ROSE BUD TRUNKS, WITH AN
ELECTRIC BLUE PATCH ON HIS
BUMPER -- WHO HAS ALSO
COMPILED AN AMAZING,
UNBELIEVABLE, UNDISPUTABLE
RECORD OF HAVING NEVER
BEEN KAYOED OR EVEN
FOUGHT -- THE CHALLENGER,
SIR ROGER!



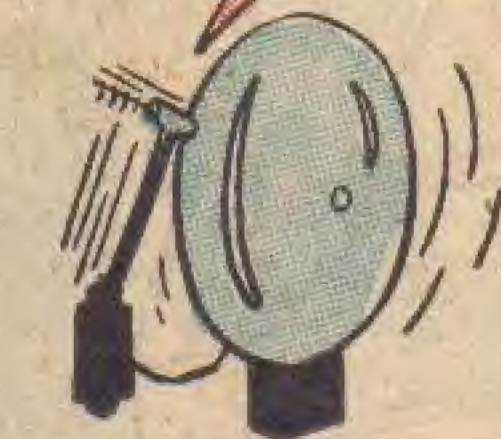
--AND NO THUMBIN'! NO
HITTIN' BELOW THE BREAD-
BASKET! NOW -- G'WAN TO
YER CORNER AND COME
A-FIGHTIN'!



SSSLURP!



BONG!



RRRRRRRRACING
FANS! THEY'RE OFF!
AH, ER --- BOXING FANS,
SIR ROGER AND THE
CHAMP COME TEARIN'
OUT ---



--OF THEIR CORNERS! WOW!
WOTTA FIGHT! THE FANS ARE
GOING **BALLSEY!** OH! OH!
BOTH FIGHTERS PAUSE IN THE
CENTER OF THE RING! THEY'RE
GETTING READY TO THROW
THEIR **SUNDAY BEST**
CLEAR FROM THEIR
RESPECTIVE CORNERS---



CRASH!
WHAM!
BIFF! BIFF!
BANG! BOP!



WOW! WOTTA
FIGHT! SCIENCE
HAS BEEN TOSSED
TO THE WINDS! THEY'RE
STILL AT IT WITH
HAMMER
AND TONGS!



One year later -- at the DEEP MORNING
HOSPITAL! The patient has just come to--

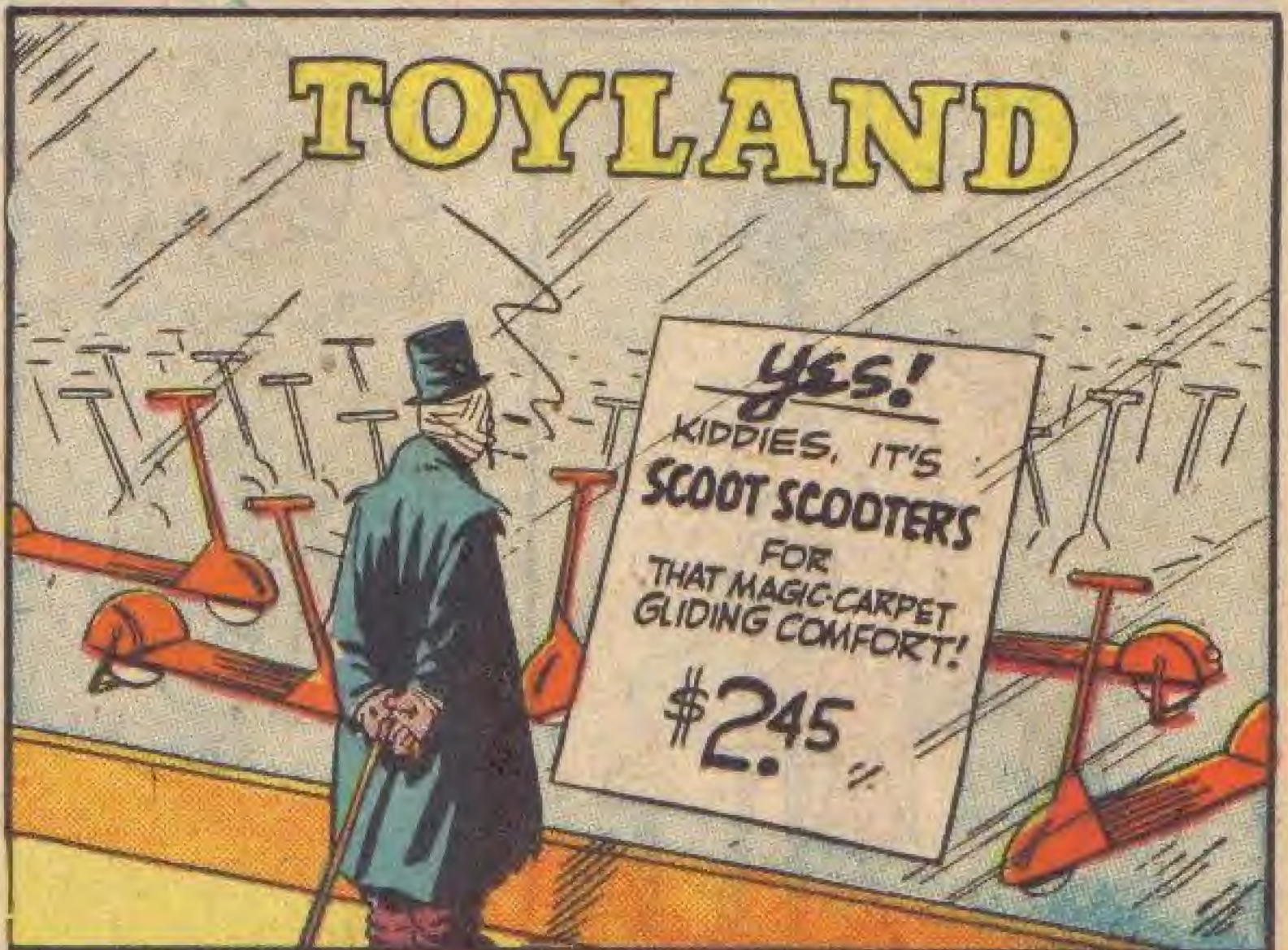


The next day...

DIDN'T YOU
FORGET SOMETHING,
SIR ROGER?



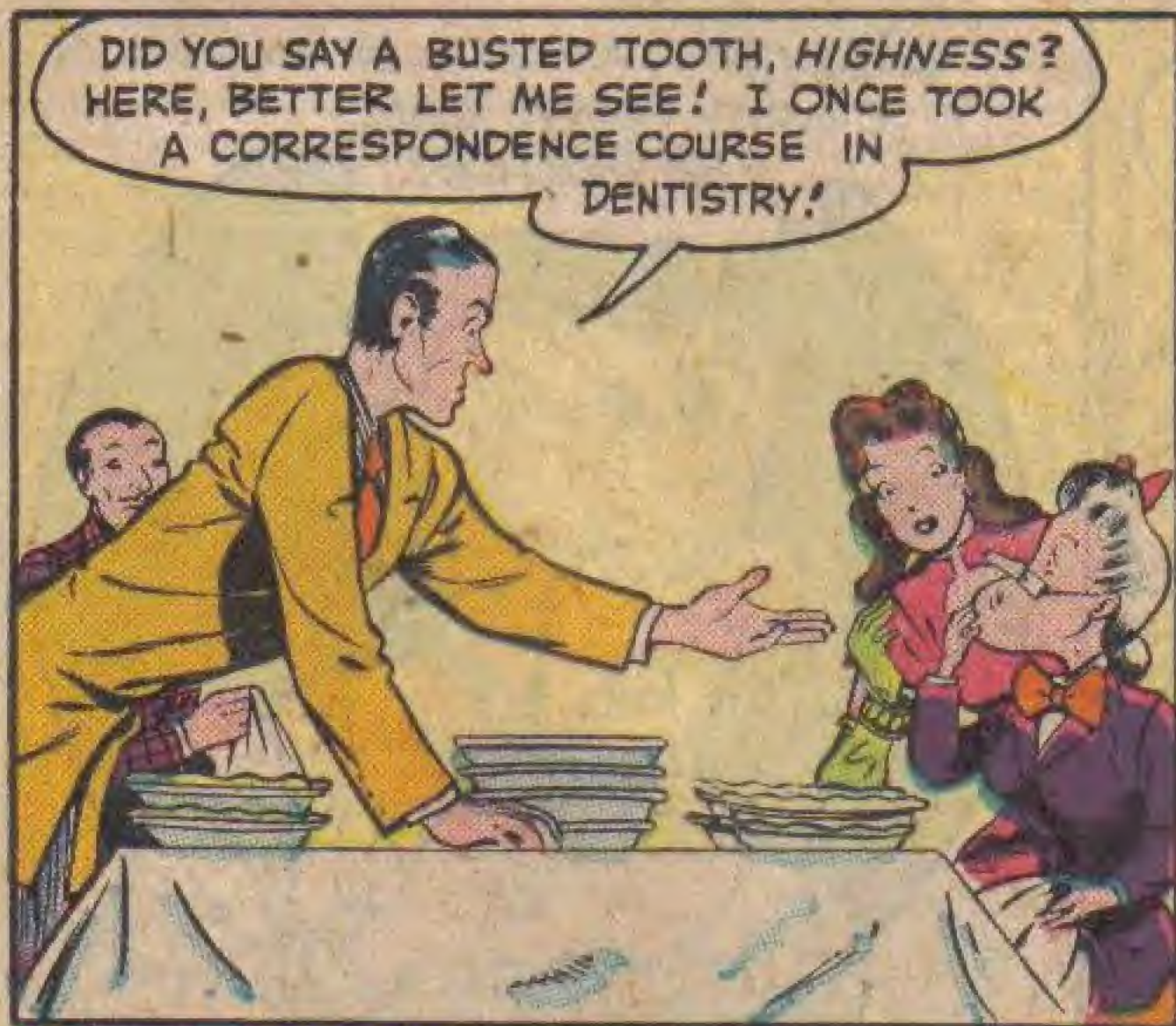
TOYLAND

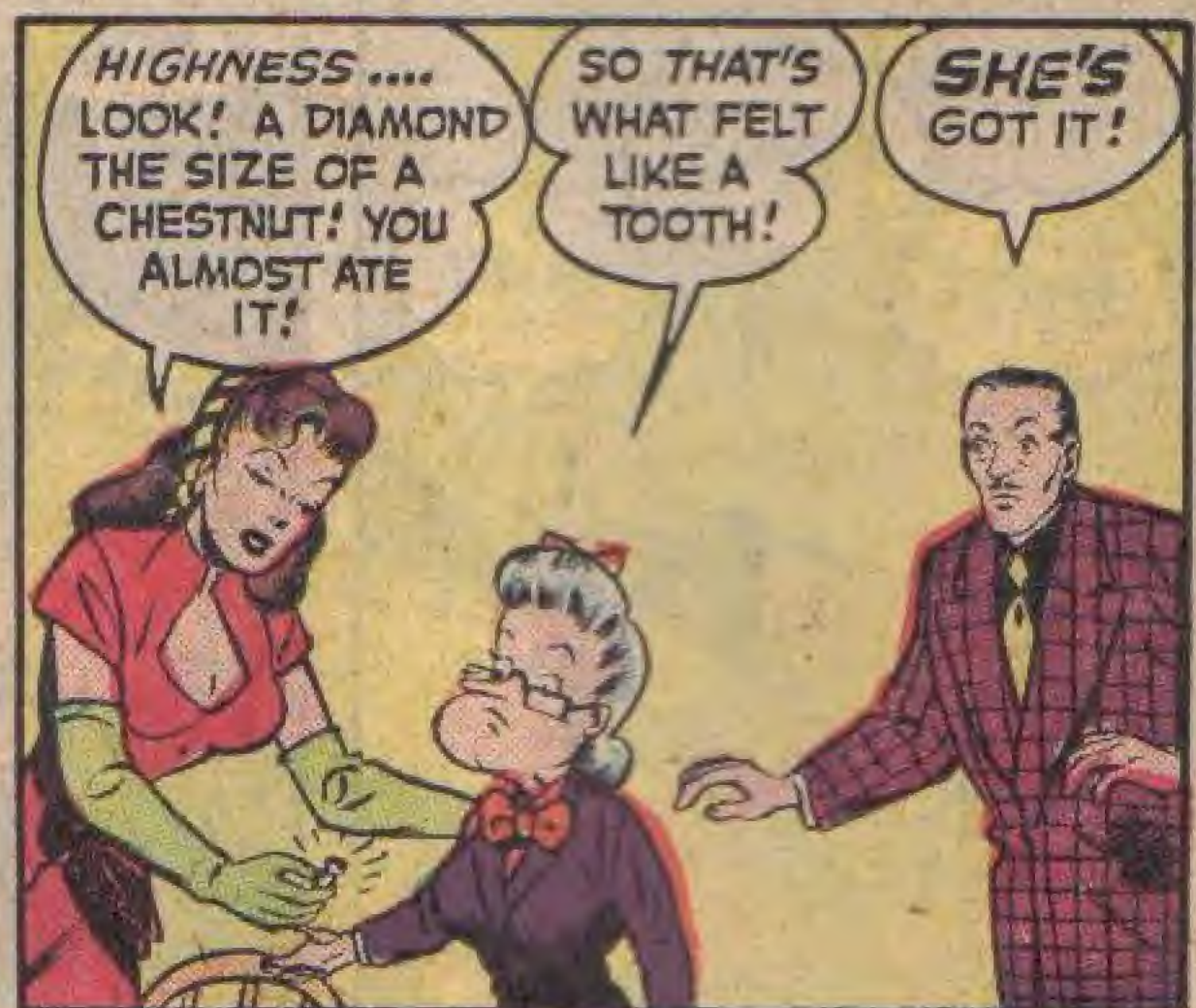


HER HIGHNESS







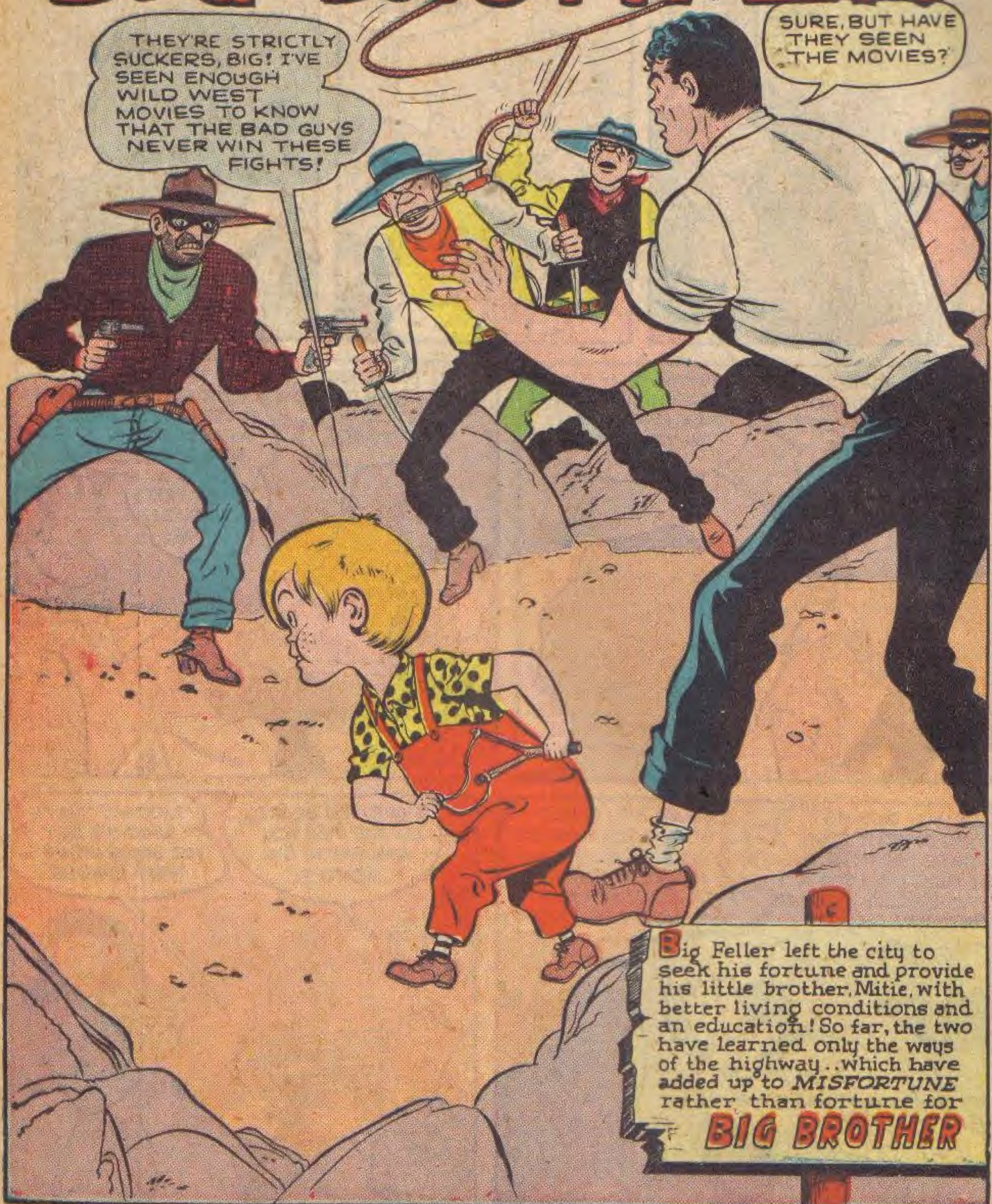




BIG BROTHER

THEY'RE STRICTLY SUCKERS, BIG! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH WILD WEST MOVIES TO KNOW THAT THE BAD GUYS NEVER WIN THESE FIGHTS!

SURE, BUT HAVE THEY SEEN THE MOVIES?



Big Feller left the city to seek his fortune and provide his little brother, Mitie, with better living conditions and an education! So far, the two have learned only the ways of the highway...which have added up to MISFORTUNE rather than fortune for

BIG BROTHER

Ever in quest of a job and a home, BIG and MITIE FELLER find themselves in the far west!

BIG, DO YOU THINK THAT GUY WAS RIGHT ABOUT THIS BEING A SHORT CUT TO THE NEXT TOWN?

I HOPE SO, MITIE, OR WE'LL BE CAMPING OUT TONIGHT!



OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I CAN PROBABLY BAG A FEW RABBITS FOR OUR SUPPER WITH MY SLING SHOT!

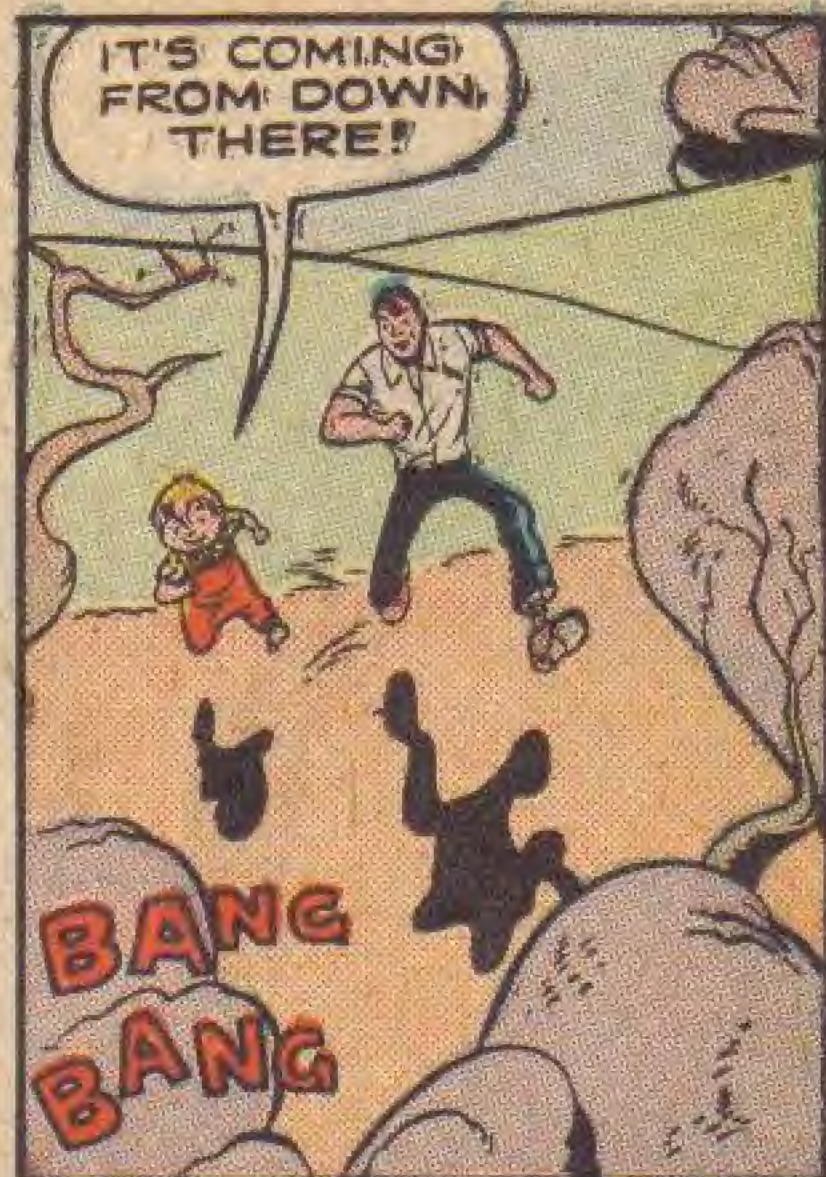
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SHOOTING!

BANG BANG



IT'S COMING FROM DOWN THERE!

BANG BANG



TWO AGAINST ONE!

AND AN OLD MAN, AT THAT!

BANG BANG



WE'VE GOTTA HELP HIM, BIG!

YOU LET ME HANDLE THIS, MITIE!



WHAT? AND LET THIS ONE GET AWAY WHILE YOU'RE TAKING ON HIS PAL? THAT'S SILLY! **THERE!**

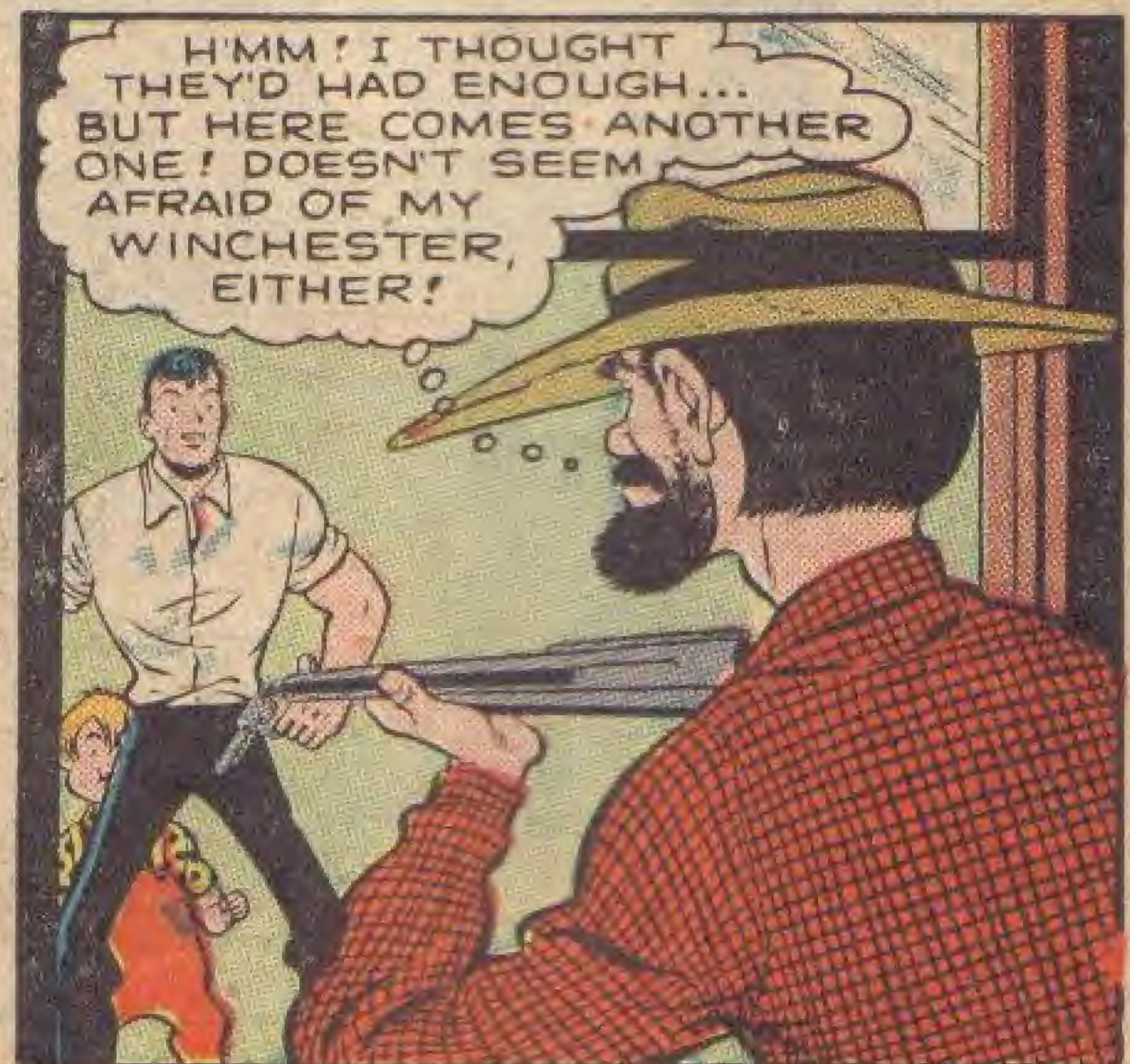


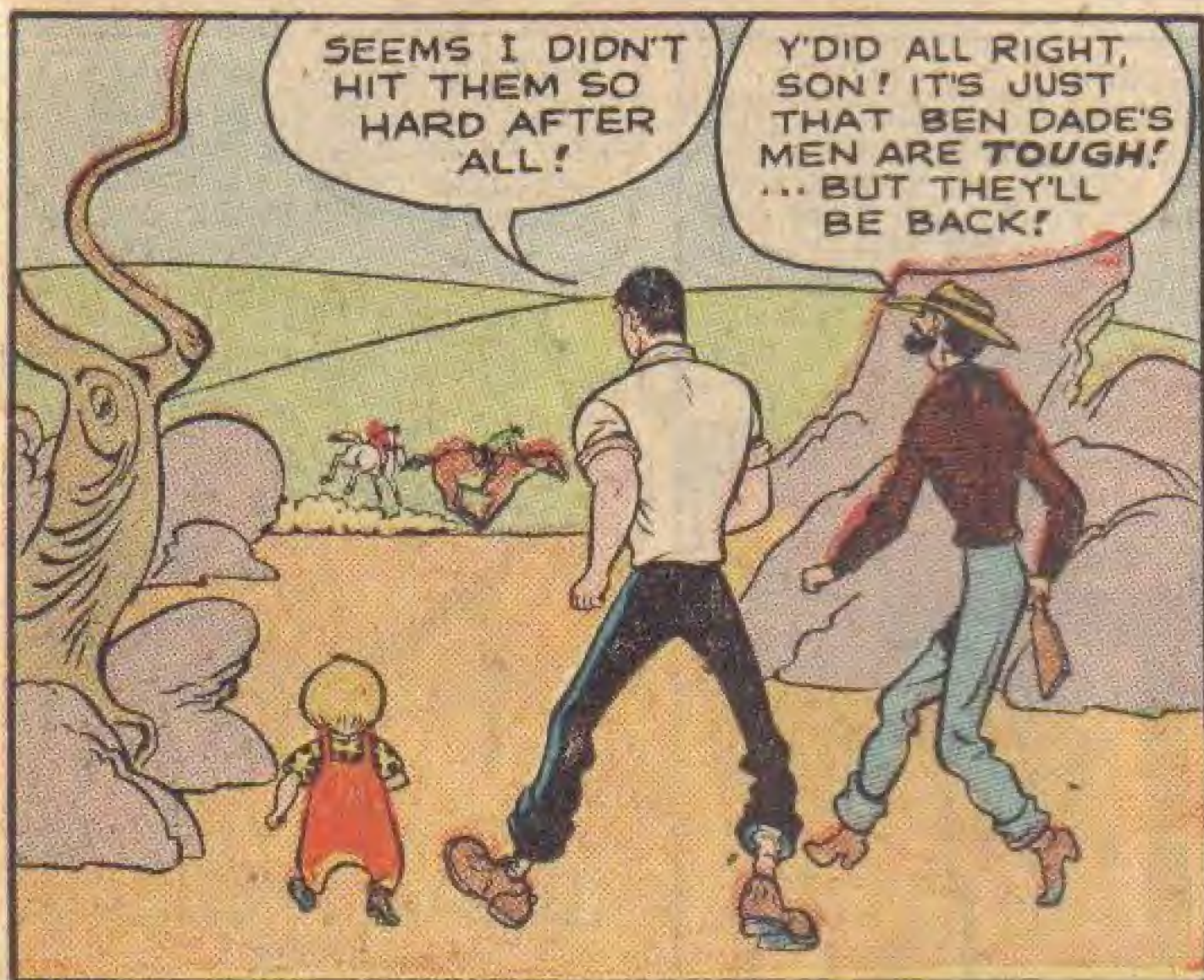
I'M SHOT!

POW

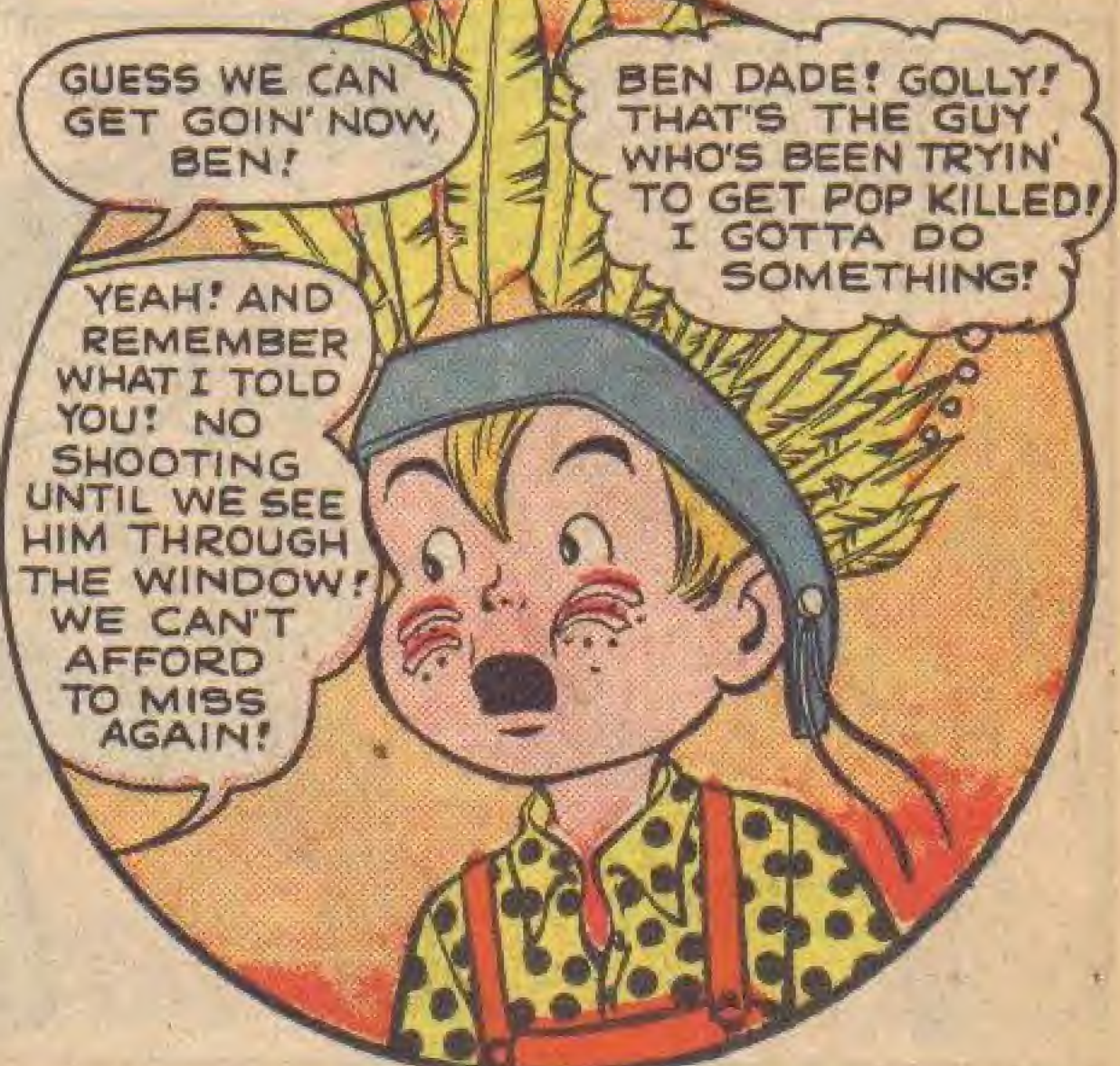
I DID IT WITH ONLY ONE TRY, TOO!

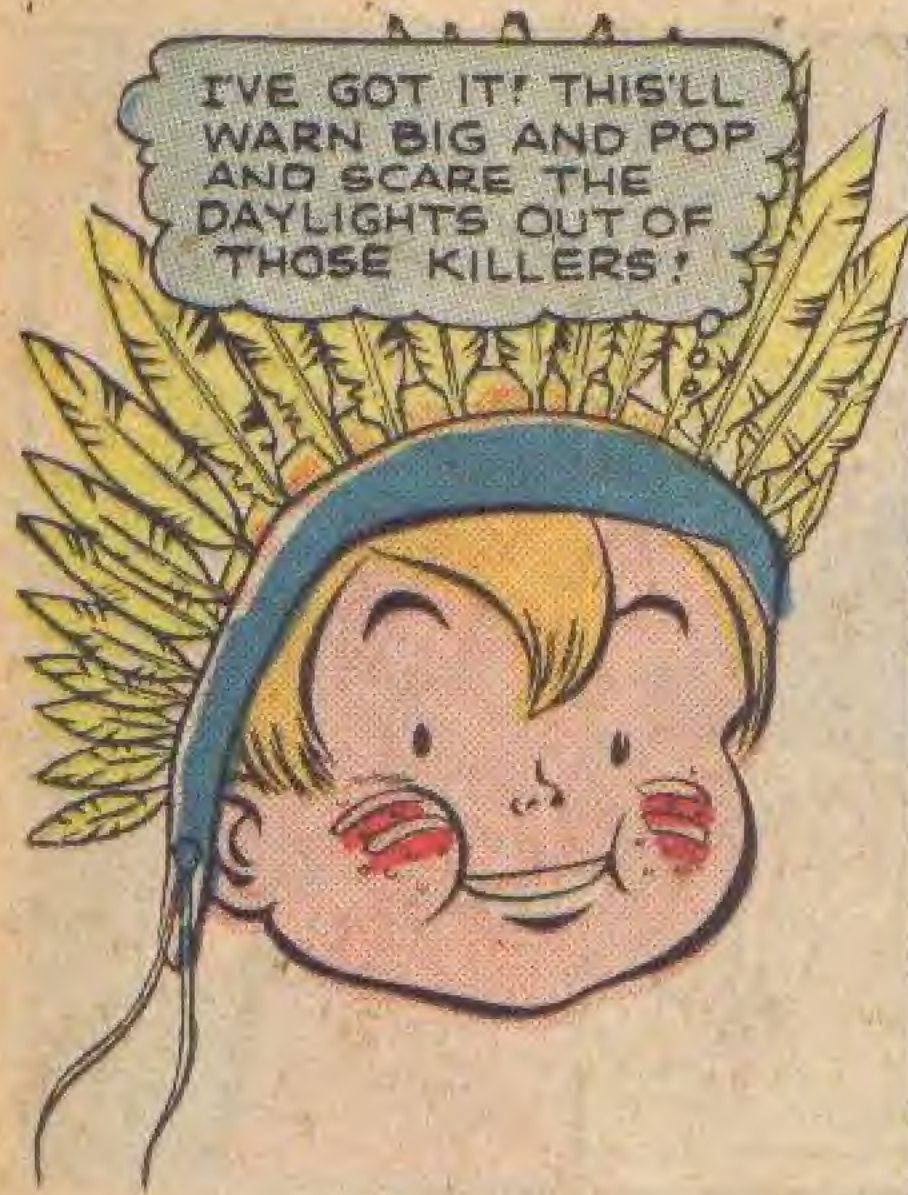












I'VE GOT IT! THIS'LL
WARN BIG AND POP
AND SCARE THE
DAYLIGHTS OUT OF
THOSE KILLERS!



WAH!
WHOO-OO
WAHOO!

GULP



INJUNS!
THE OLD
GEEZER'S
GOT INJUNS
TO PROTECT
HIM!

LET'S GET
OUTTA HERE!
I DON'T WANT
TO BE SCALPED!

WAIT!

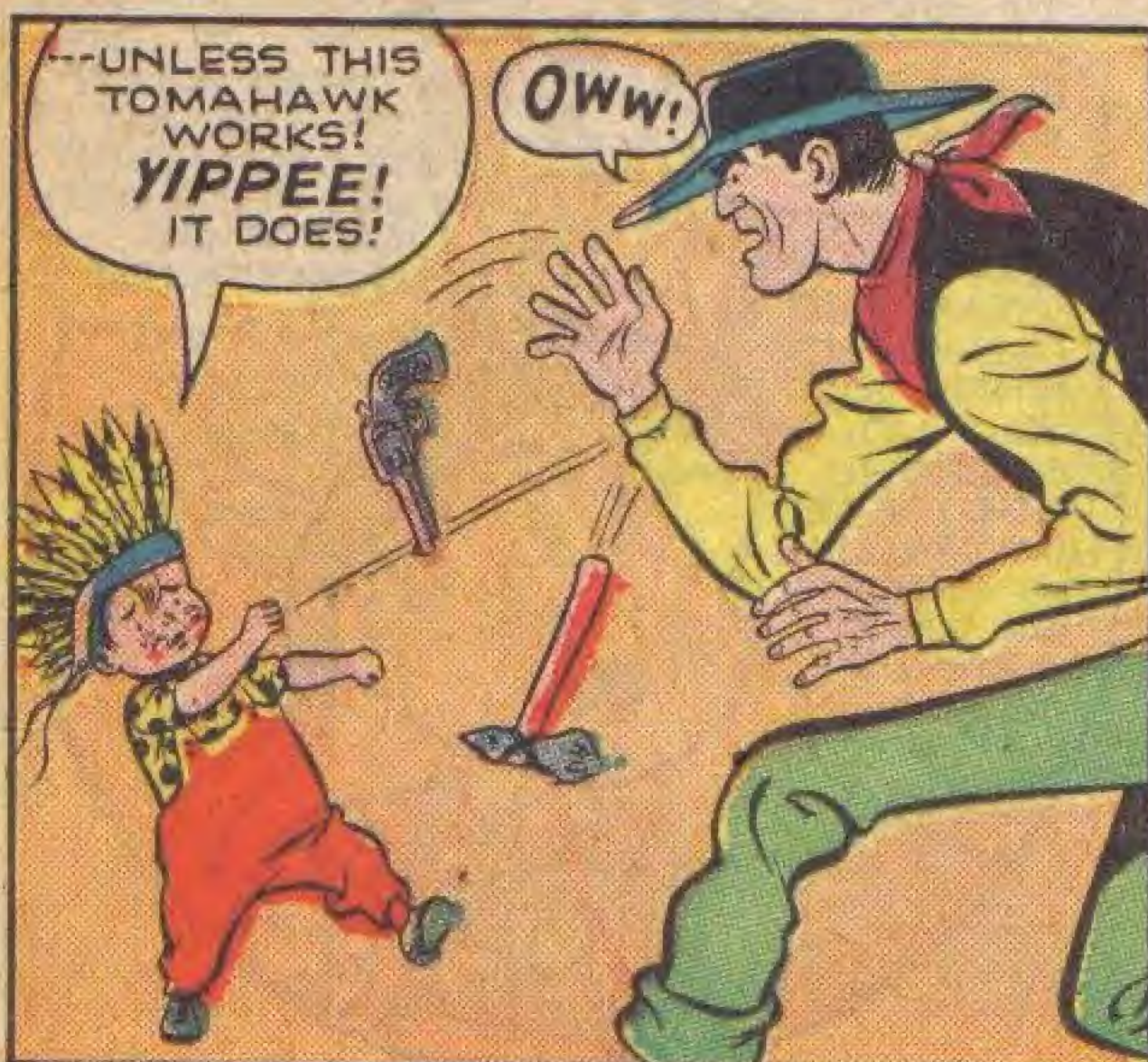


YOU YELLER VARMINTS!
YOU'LL PAY FOR RUNNIN'
OUT ON ME! INJUNS OR
NO INJUNS, I'M GETTING
THAT OLD SOURDOUGH
TONIGHT!



WHY, IT'S NO
INJUN! IT'S
JUST A KID
PLAYIN'!

GULP HE'S
GONNA
SHOOT...



---UNLESS THIS
TOMAHAWK
WORKS!
YIPPEE!
IT DOES!

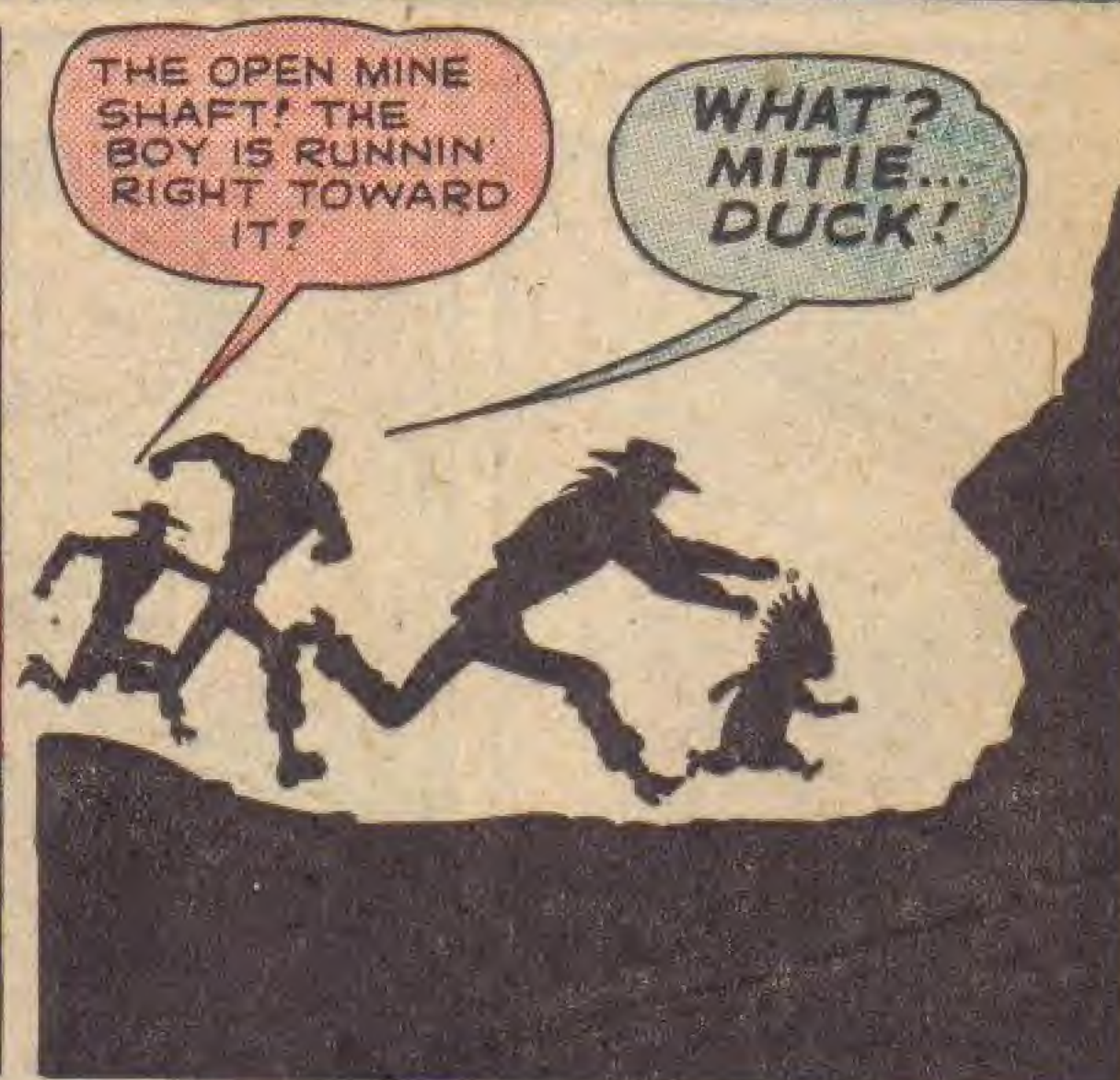
OWW!



MITIE! STOP THAT YELLING!
IT'S TOO LATE FOR YOU TO
BE OUT IN THE DARK--
HEY! WHAT ARE
YOU TWO
DOIN' HERE?

IT'S BEN
DADE'S
BOYS
AGAIN!

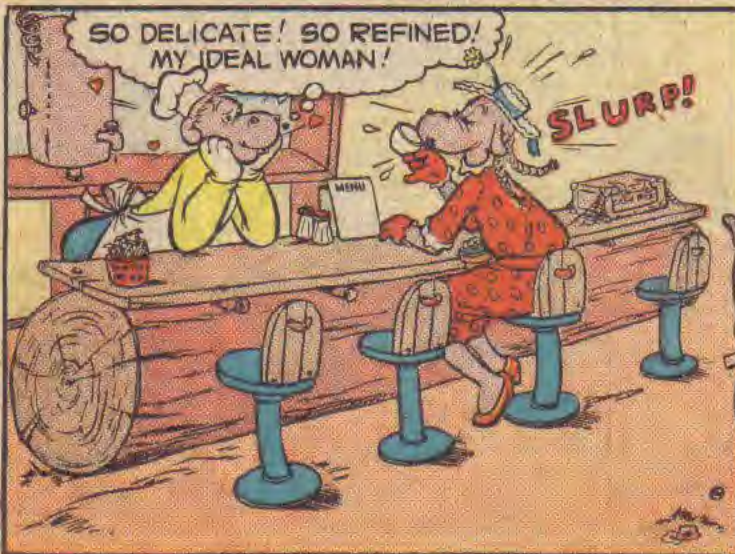
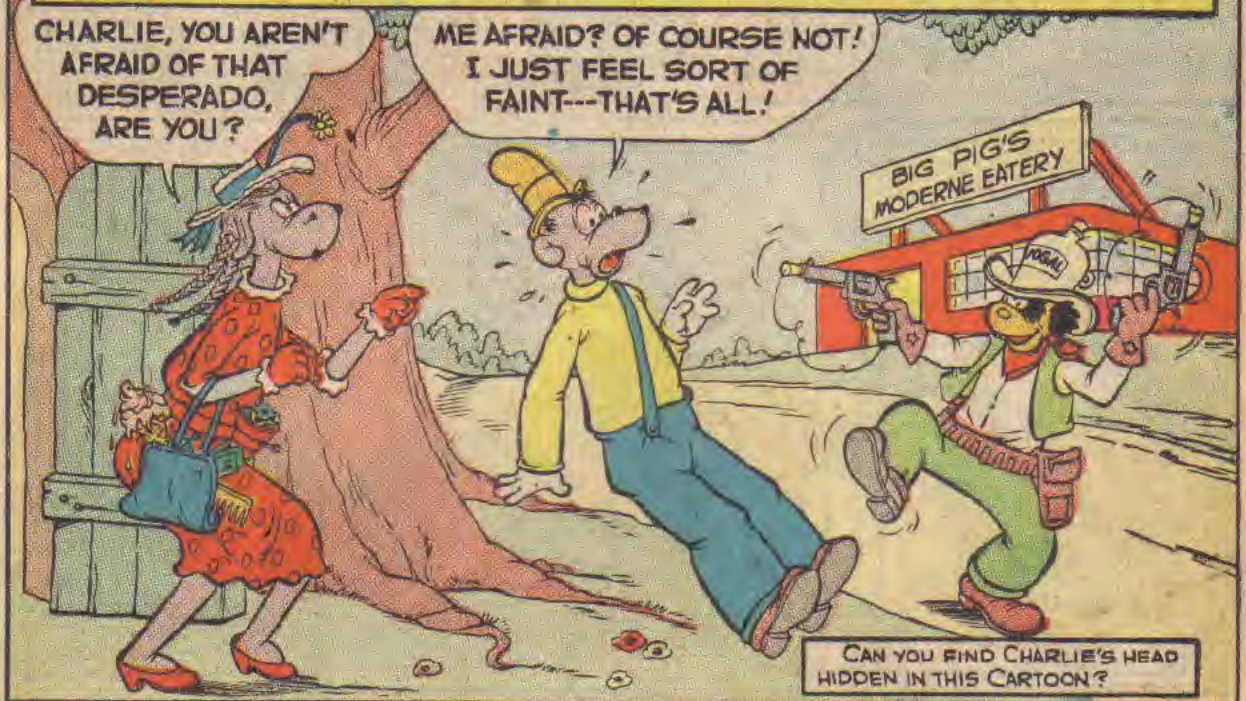
YAWP!
WE RAN
THE WRONG
WAY!



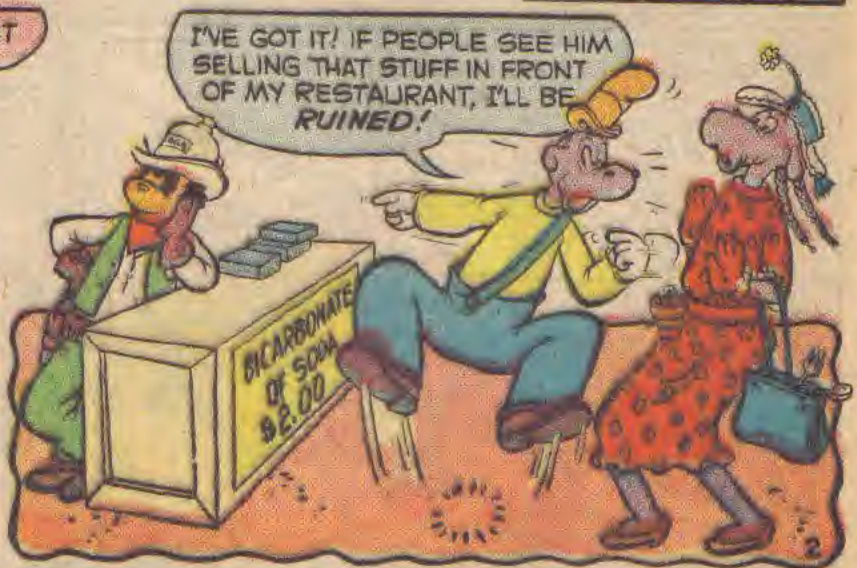


CHARLIE HORSE

with
DIRTY DAN

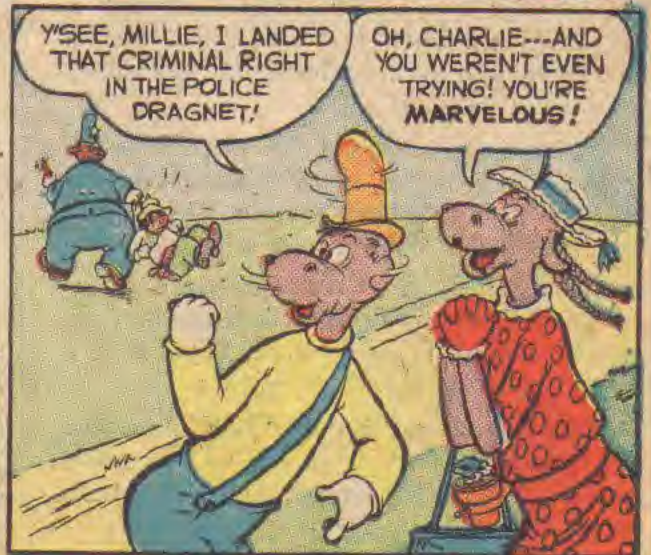
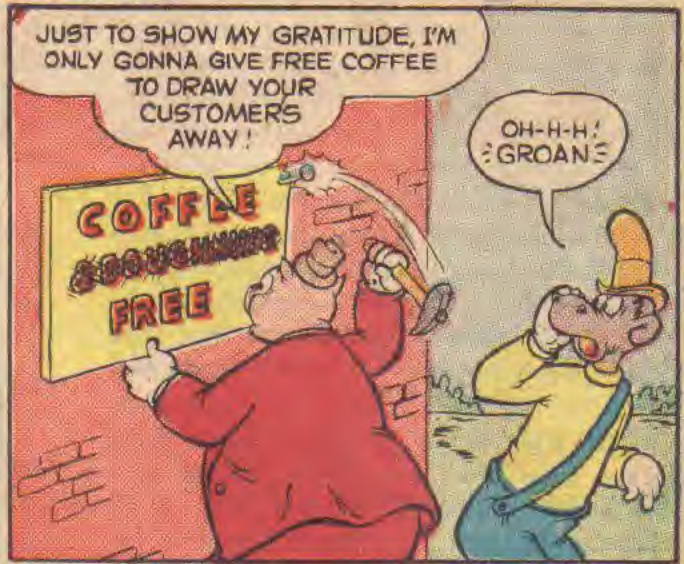


HIT COMICS









Murder Mine

NO one knew much about Jacob Wolz. Far and wide over the Arizona hills and deserts the little Dutchman plodded, leading a sleepy burro. Occasionally he came into one of the towns to purchase supplies. But on these trips he had little to say to anyone. Jacob was a real enigma.

In the back of Jacob's mind was a great scheme. He'd had it nearly all his life, ever since he got off the ship in New York, fresh from Amsterdam. The scheme was that he, Jacob, would one day be rich beyond all dreams.

But for nearly half a century he had plodded the Southwestern deserts, pecking at likely looking rocks, testing clay here, gravel there. Never, however, had he found that for which he searched—a real gold strike!

But one thing about Jacob, he had patience. In that quality he was similar to his burro. Jacob never gave up. He had many times been on the trail of riches, but always the thing would turn out to be as nebulous as a desert mirage.

One day, though, Jacob knew he would find it. Then, he'd just quit pecking and testing and live the life he had always dreamed. Maybe he'd go back to Holland, and live in a tiny house beside a dyke. His father had been a cobbler. Jacob knew that trade, too. Maybe he'd set himself up in business. But why work? He'd have millions!

More years passed, and then one day in the '70's, a small, ragged, sundried man staggered into a store in Florence, Arizona, and slapped two heavy pokes down on the counter.

"Gimmee flour, bacon, beans, sugar, salt—an' th' hull dern caboodle," ordered the little man bluntly of the storekeeper. "I'm off on a long un this here time."

When the grocer had the supplies ready, the little man drew from one of the pokes several large yellow nuggets and tossed them on the counter.

"That there enough to pay fer me grub, storekeep?" he demanded.

The grocer's eyes bugged as he gazed at the raw virgin gold.

"Sufferin' snakes!" he ejaculated. "Whar 'n' tarnation you come by them nuggets, Jacob?"

Jacob wasn't telling. He shook his grizzled head emphatically and clutched the pokes of gold to him.

"Nein, nein," he croaked. "You vill never know. I vill never tell—never!" With that he rushed out of the store and piled the supplies in bags hanging on either side of his drowsing burro. Then he headed into the forbidding Superstition Mountains looming to the north.

That started one of the strangest riddles of the West—the Lost Dutchman Mine. It is a mine well known to contain fabulous quantities of gold, yet its whereabouts have been unknown for over half a century, ever since the Dutchman passed away in the back room of a saloon in Phoenix. The secret of the lost mine died with Jacob Wolz.

Superstition, murder, death by thirst, insanity forms the long, bloody trail back over the years. The story really begins long before the Dutchman's time, back before the Gadsden Purchase, when Arizona was still a part of Mexico. Simeon Cardeleros, a young Mexican dandy, quarreled with his sweetheart's father and in anger struck him. The father drew a knife, but Simeon escaped and fled into the hills. It was there, far up in the Superstitions, that he stumbled upon the rich ore.

Simeon scraped up samples of the yellow stuff and, returning to the community, told the tale of his great discovery. It was no time at all before an expedition was made up and a band of adventurous Mexicans set out to develop the mine.

Weeks passed, while the Mexicans worked as they never had before. Even the traditional siesta was forgotten in their mad desire to dig

HIT COMICS

gold. When they had dug all their burros could carry, they prepared for the return journey. The packs of the burro train were crammed with gold, even the alforjas on their saddles were filled. With light hearts they rode down the cliffs, dreaming of the celebration that awaited them in the town.

As the packtrain wound snakily down the mountain, the lead burro's bell tinkling musically, a band of coppery Apaches crouched unseen among the rocks. Dark, murderous eyes watched the procession from the very time it left the mine. When the time was right, they struck, screaming and hooting. The entire number, with the exception of two boys, was slaughtered.

The two boys, dodging the Indians, made their way back home with the knowledge that they alone knew the mine's location. They swore each other to secrecy, determining to return and work the mine. Before that time, they took in a third partner. Meantime, Arizona had become a territory of the United States, but the Apache menace was still a real thing.

The three boys went back to the mine but hardly had they started working the diggings when a gaunt, half starved prospector staggered into their camp. He was wounded and dying of thirst. From his cracked lips they heard the story of his escape from the Apaches and his flight into the mountains. The man was Dutchman Jacob Wolz.

The three youths nursed him back to health, and then, to show his appreciation for what they had done for him, Wolz slit their throats one night while they slept. From that time on until his death the mine was his, the secret of its location his alone.

From the day he showed up at the Florence store, stories of the Dutchman's find spread like wildfire all over Arizona. He came down into Florence and surrounding towns many times after that, but never did he tip off the location of the mine.

Wily prospectors trailed the white-bearded oldster into the mountains time after time, but he always managed to outwit them. Many an old chap, who thought he was being cagey, was found alongside the trail with a bullet hole in his head. The tale was circulated that Wolz

would kill anyone who tried to come near his mine.

In 1884, Wolz took sick and, fearing death was close, he called in a few of his friends who had helped him in the lean days. They clustered about his bedside, waiting for the revelation that would pour from his lips.

Patiently these friends waited, while the sickness and fever sent the old man into delirious muttering. Some moments a sane gleam would come into his faded blue eyes, and then it was that Jacob Wolz would dream his great dream, wherein he saw himself a prince among men, a millionaire and maybe a burgomaster in his native Holland.

Somehow, between these fits of mutterings and dreaming, he told the story—a story of greed and murder. He had forgotten the number of men he had waylaid and killed on the dim trails leading into the mountains. With a last supreme effort he sat up in bed, his eyes blazing—

"Go east," he croaked in a barely audible voice. "East from Phoenix—thirty—miles. Find a palo verde tree with a crooked branch. Follow directions—of the branch, but you must look carefully—mine hidden under iron-wood logs and covered with rocks . . ."

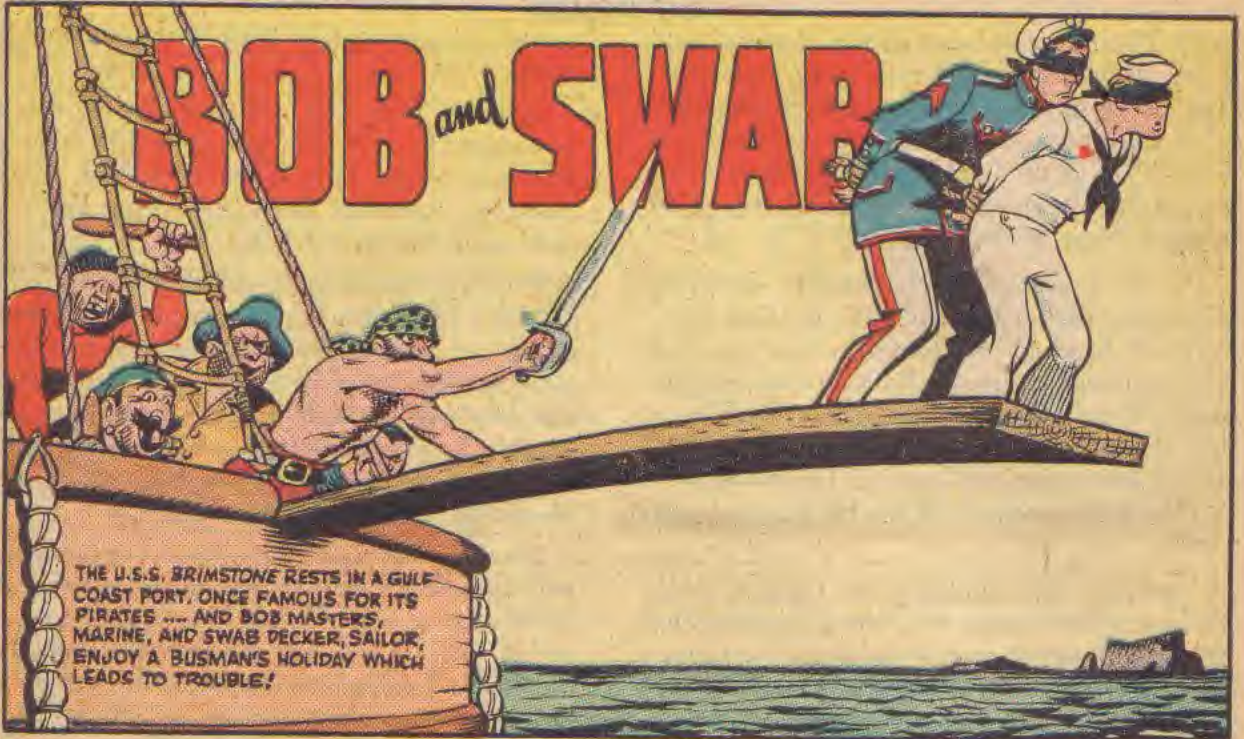
Wolz' weak voice trailed off. The rattle of death ended his conversation.

More than 60 years have passed since the Dutchman died. The few friends who heard his last words patiently followed his instructions, but they never found the palo verde tree with the crooked branch, nor the mine concealed beneath the iron-wood logs covered with rocks.

Since then more than half a million prospectors have searched for the Lost Dutchman Mine, a quest that brings hundreds of searchers into the Superstition Mountains every year.

The mine has never been found. And here is a weird finale to the story. Many of those who have gone hunting for it have met with strange and tragic fates. Some have died of thirst, some have toppled off cliffs, others have gone raving mad.

The secret of the Lost Mine is still shrouded in impenetrable secrecy.



HIT COMICS

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, SWAB ... AND JUST WHEN THE WIND DIED DOWN! SAY, WHAT DOES THE NAVY TEACH YOU GOBS ANYWAY?

IS IT MY FAULT THEY DON'T EQUIP SAILBOATS WITH DIESEL ENGINES FOR EMERGENCIES?



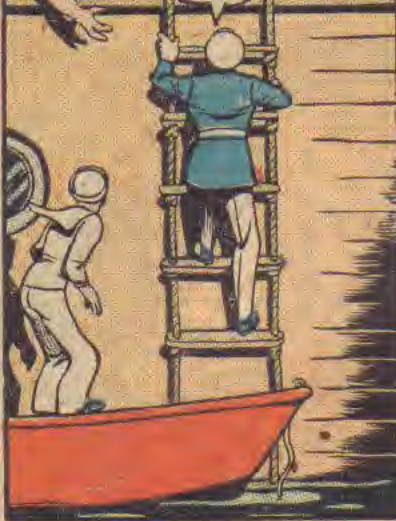
NO SAIL ... NOT EVEN AN OAR! AT THIS RATE, WE'LL OVERSTAY OUR LIBERTY!



LOOK! THAT SCHOONER'S HEADED THIS WAY! SHE MUST BE HEADED FOR THE HARBOR ... MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE US A LIFT!



NICE OF YOU TO HELP US OUT: THE NAVY AND THE MARINE CORPS WILL THANK YOU!



FRIENDLY GUYS! THEY HAVEN'T SAID A WORD!

MAYBE THEY WANT US TO PAY FOR THE RIDE!



OF COURSE WE'RE WILLING TO PAY FOR OUR PASSAGE!

DEPEND ON CAPTAIN BONES TO EXACT MORE THAN PAYMENT FOR YOUR PASSAGE!



HAW! HAW! HAW!

WAS THAT FUNNY?

CAPTAIN BONES! I'VE HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE!

HAW! HAW!



TURN THEM INSIDE OUT!

UH-OH! HERE COMES SOMETHING!

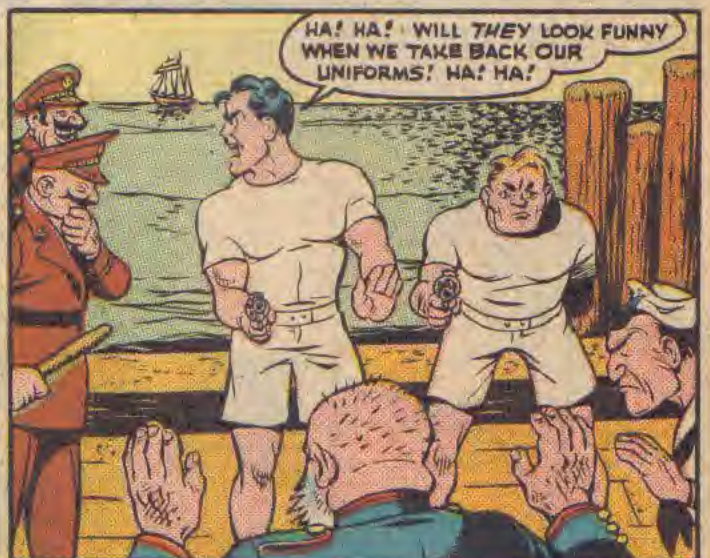
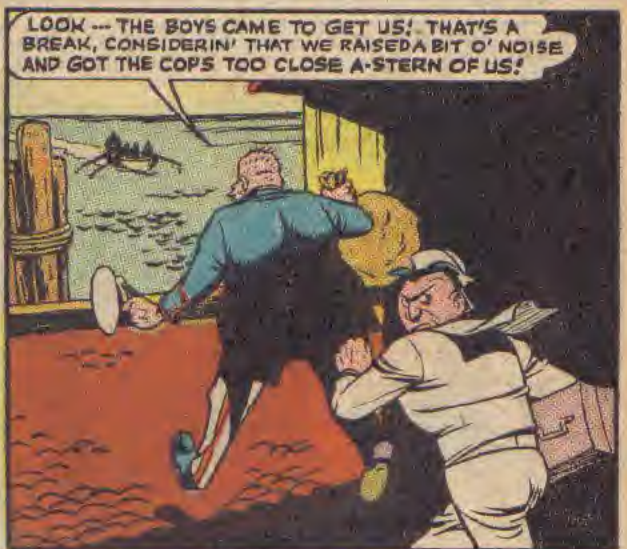
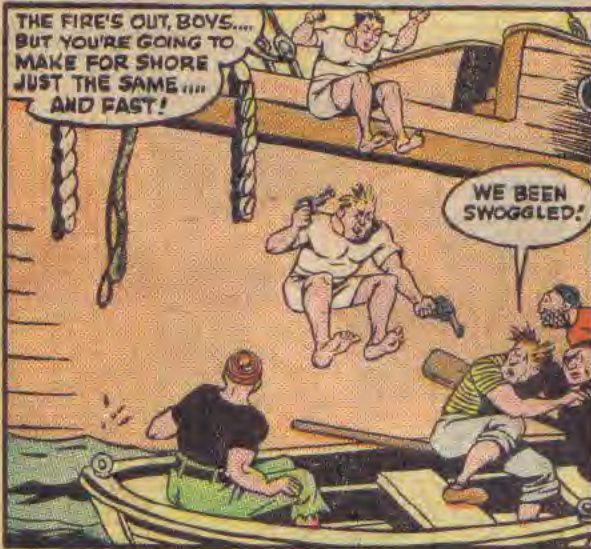




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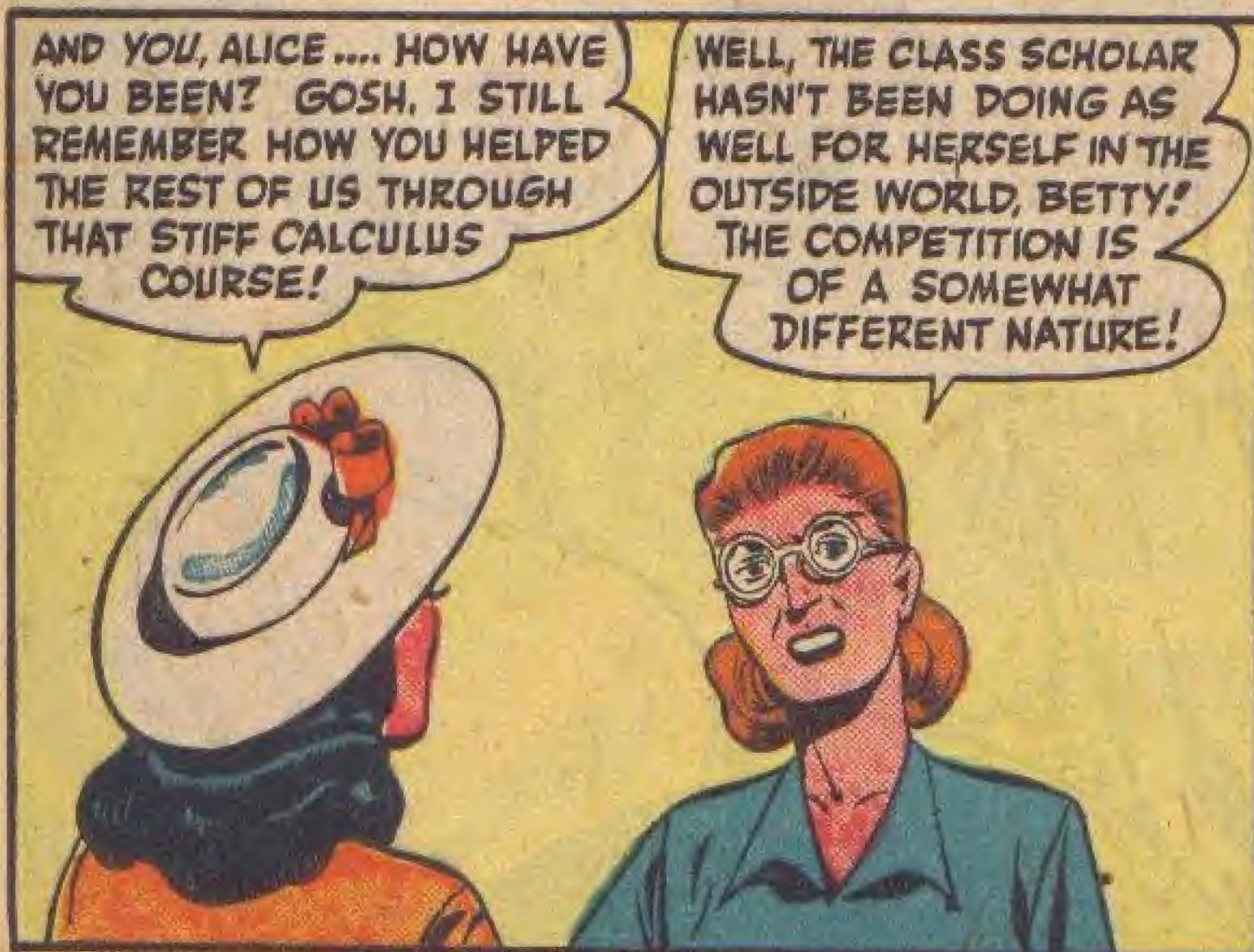


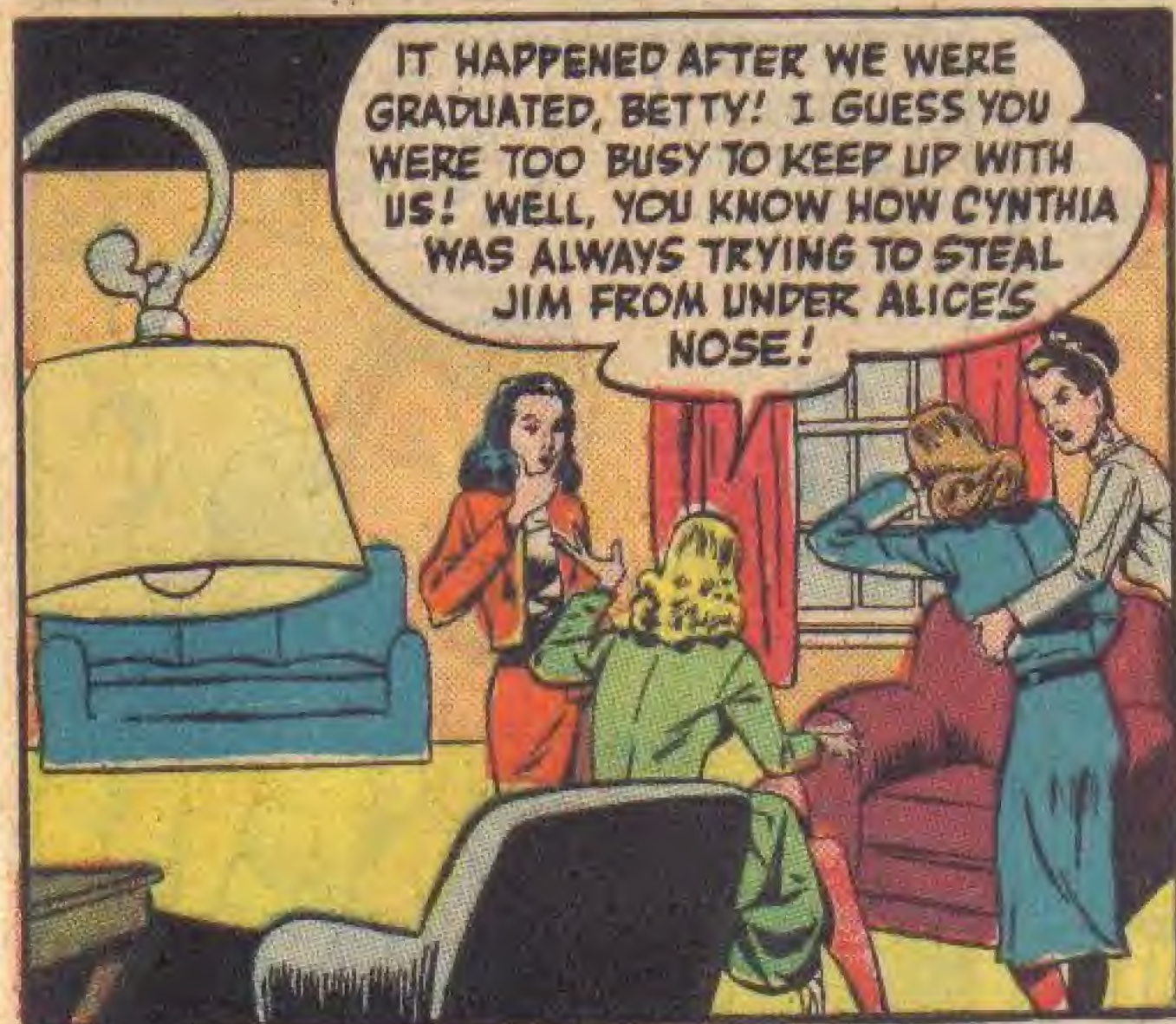
HIT COMICS



Betty BATES









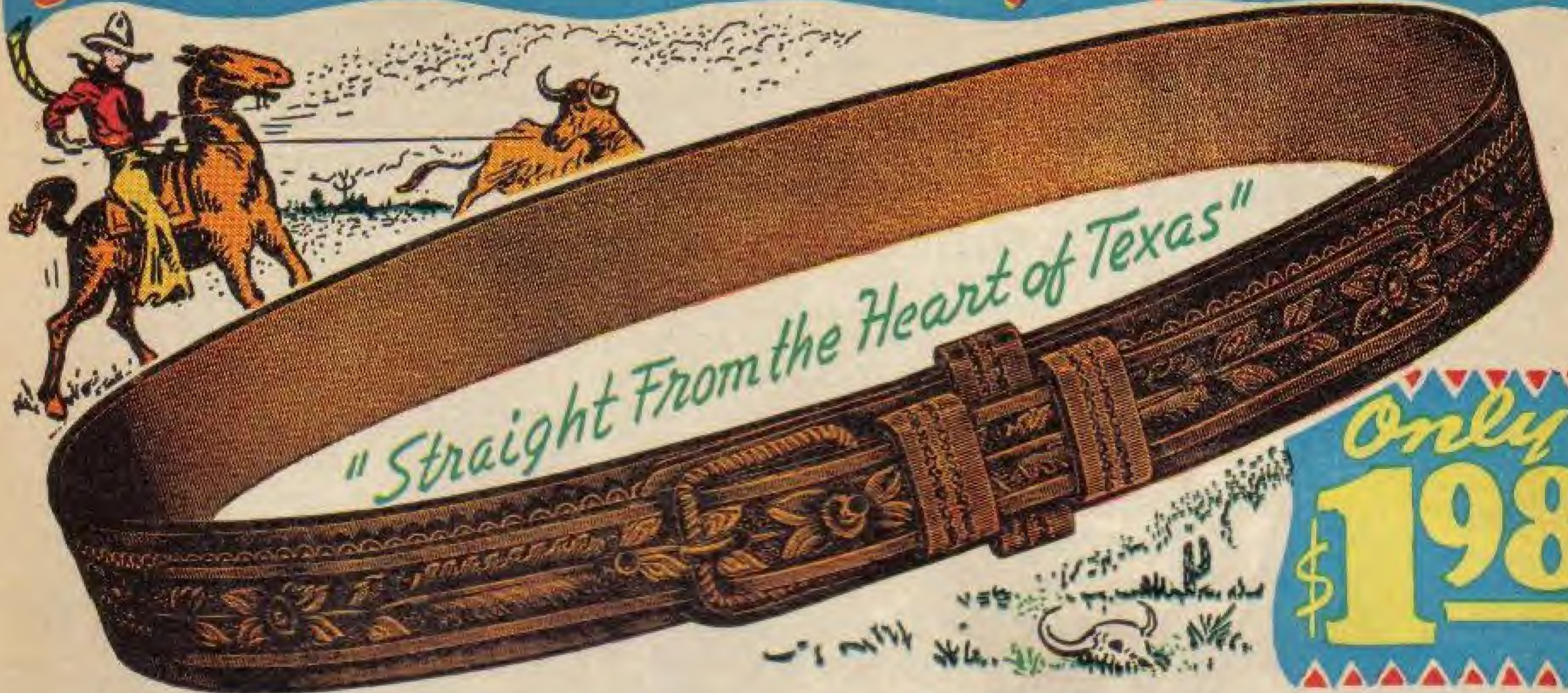








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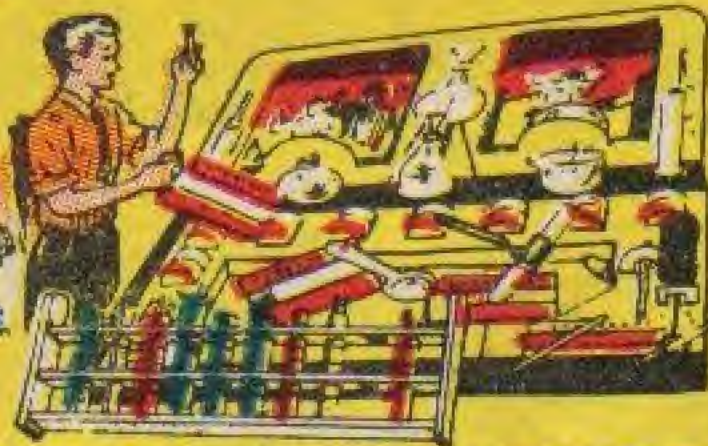
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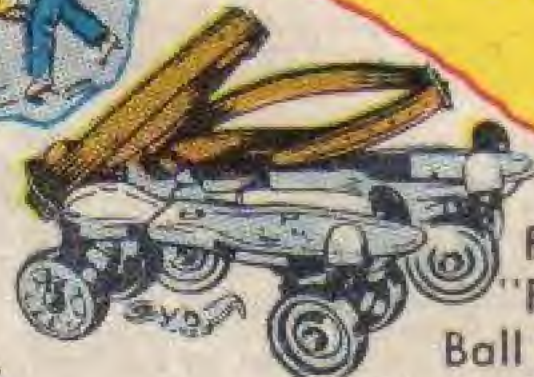
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